

Mrs. Harold Voelkel  
Washington Hts. Dep. Mail  
A.P.O. 500, San Francisco

Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co. Prov.  
A.P.O. 234, San Francisco

December 1952 - Tokyo, Japan

Dear Friends,

Christmas Greetings from the four of us, - Gertrude, Teddy, Harold Jr, and Harold Sr. in Tokyo. What a joy to have these ten days together! I want to be in the POW Camps with the prisoners on Christmas Day, and therefore arranged to have this visit the early part of the month.

So much has happened since we wrote you last. Jack, after graduating from High School last June, had the privilege of a lifetime in a trip to the States via the ports, - Hongkong, Singapore, Penang, Rangoon, and then through India, Palestine and Europe, a wonderful preparation for college. He is now a Freshman at Wheaton and writes continually of both the intellectual challenge and the spiritual inspiration he finds there.

This year Sally is teaching in a Christian school in West Sayville on Long Island, near enough to New York for frequent attendance at Inter Varsity meetings and enjoyable week-end visits in Leonia, N.J., the home of Esther & Hugh Fitch. At Christmas she expects to meet Jack at St. Petersburg, Florida, the home of her Grandfather Swallen, who with "Aunt Ollie" will be waiting to welcome them.

How big Teddy and Haba have grown! They are fortunate in having their school just across the street from our house, and are able to get in their piano practise before classes begin at nine o'clock. Ted has been overtaken by a craze for stamp-collecting and is testing the patience of all friends and neighbors with appeals for unusual stamps. Haba, on the other hand, is a budding athlete whose interests run to both baseball and football.

Gertrude's days have been full with mimeographing and mailing out the "Dear Everybody" letters, teaching a Bible class for Japanese women, and a roomful of third grade children in the local Sunday School, helping in the Korean Language school for new missionaries, and restraining the animal spirits of these two boys. A recent guest in our home has been Miss Corrie ten Boom of Holland who because of underground work in saving Jews during the war was a prisoner in a German concentration camp, and for the past six years has had a rich spiritual ministry in Europe, America and now in the Orient. It has been a blessing to the whole family to have her with us.

With the removal of the non-Communist POWs from Kojedo to the mainland of Korea, Harold's work has been somewhat different, for instead of the huge compounds of eight to ten thousand men, the present ones are limited to 500. This new arrangement disrupted our organization of the Bible Institutes and congregations, but in the Providence of God it has resulted in a greater total of attendance at our meetings, and we now have more men than ever studying the Bible correspondence course. Recently a number of Christian POWs have been memorizing scripture portions, reciting the whole of Revelation or Matthew, and one man is half-way through the Psalms.

We are deeply grateful to God for His great goodness to us this past year, granting us health and a comfortable home for the family and a happy ministry. We look forward to the New Year with greater expectancy and confidence in view of His faithfulness in the year that has passed. May the Lord grant you His best in all things throughout 1953.

Most cordially yours,

Harold and Gertrude.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
UN POW Camp #1, APO 59  
c/o P O, San Francisco  
February 3, 1952

Dear Everybody:

Sunday evening and time for the roundup of the news. It has been weeks now since the last letter and there is a reason, or rather, reasons. First of all I was granted a leave and spent two weeks with the family, a wonderful and blessed time, and I am more grateful as I think back over all the good things God has given us; health a comfortable home, nearby schools, a warm and inspiring Christian fellowship and instruction for the boys, and fruitful opportunities for Gertrude among both Koreans and Japanese. Being army people we were eligible for the Special Service Hotels and enjoyed three days at the Fuji View Hotel at the base of the sacred mountain with views of the snow-capped queen that we will never forget. Our room had one large window about six feet wide and five feet high that gave us sights of Fuji from dawn to dusk in all varieties of color and shade. There was time for walks around a lake in back of the hotel and for hours with my Cardinal's books that brought us close to God. The days of the leave sped by all too fast and before I knew it, I was aboard the courier plane from Tokyo to Taegu.

On this flight I had my first experience with a severe storm aloft. The first two hours were delightful, bright and smooth with a good look at Fuji as we passed but over Kyushu the atmosphere became bumpy, soon it grew dark, a heavy rain beat in upon the plane, the flight attendant told us to fasten our seat belts and then in a moment the crisis came, a violent thrust that shook the huge plane and tossed around everything that was loose. I don't believe I've ever been as scared in my life altho I suppose there was nothing of particular danger. Fortunately, it wasn't long until the sun broke thru the clouds, the rain stopped and the wind and the bumps slackened considerably.

I struck out upon my arrival for the compound, expecting to have a lengthy review of mission activities with the station members there, so you can imagine my disappointment at finding them all in Pusan at the Executive Committee meeting. But I made myself at home, ate at the Air Force Officers' Mess in the nearby Bible Institute Dormitory and got myself a good night's sleep in preparation for the trip to Andong the next day. The former Seoul chauffeur, King Yung May, now Otto De Camp's audio-visual chauffeur, projectionist and lecturer, and the jeep equipped with all the latest stuff from America, including a generator, and it didn't take much persuasion to get Yung May to consent to drive me to Andong to show KING OF KINGS that night. The trip proved eventful because of an incident that took place some ten days ago, an attack by guerrillas who captured and burned five trucks on the pass about an hour out of Taegu on the Andong road. When we reached Tong Myung, not far out of town, Korean police stopped us and said we must wait until six cars arrived, for they were not allowing cars to travel the road in fewer numbers. Finally, we became six, one of which was a Korean army truck with three soldiers, only one of which had a gun and he seemed to be about fifteen years old. I was grateful for his gun, nevertheless, and we stayed right in back of that truck until just before the dangerous pass, when the truck developed engine trouble and stopped. What a place to stop! I counselled waiting but Yung May encouraged going right on, and that's what we did, wisely we discovered, for police had been posted at the top of the pass and guards patrolled other likely attack areas. We saw the wreckage of one of the trucks that had been burned and I took a picture of it. Incidentally, the Reds took off the occupants of the captured trucks and the freight.

The Andong compound was deserted, only the top house (G. Adams') was occupied by two GI's. They made us welcome, and after a bite to eat prepared by Song-si, Daisy Hendrix' former cook, we began our visits around town, arranging for the picture to be shown in the large Central Church. As soon as word got around town that we had arrived, the people started coming and I once more experienced the unspeakable preciousness and joy of Christian fellowship. How deeply stirring it is to meet the



various friends and to rethink the events of the past twenty-two and half years. Time takes it toll physically in bent backs, dimmed eyes and slower paces, but spiritually the years are enriching. There were many good laughs but also a number of sad reports, increasing casualties among the boys who entered the army. But the condition of the churches is a delight.

Yi Wun Yung Moksa said the Last Presbytery was the most orderly in years, and here is just one encouraging item. When I got back in 1946 the first statistics we could gather indicated 110 churches in the Presbytery; this last meeting showed 181. What cause for thanksgiving. There are now seven churches, they told me in Andong, one of which is the leper congregation whose sanctuary was built almost entirely by themselves. I took a picture of it with numbers of the congregation in front of it. Needless to say, the announcement of a movie picked the church and I stayed for just one reel after which I made a few remarks. I was interested to see how the picture got the message across, and Yung May reported that at the end of the film, which shows the Crucifixion so graphically, the people were weeping. Next day back to Tiegü where Arch Campbell had arrived from Pusan.

Arch still just enjoys work. Despite all the responsibility of the Seminary plus the Bible Institute and interviewing the constant stream of callers, a most exhausting business, during the coming week when the Seminary is vacationing and when most people would be expected to catch up on some other items, Arch is conducting a Bible Conference in a Tiegü church, with four meetings a day, daybreak, morning, afternoon and evening. What a man! Since the conference was starting that night, I had time for a talk only at the dinner table, for he was off right afterward. Next morning he returned from daybreak prayers as I was leaving, boarding the 8:15 train for Pusan, a coach hitched onto a Korean train, the GI car.

Just when the windows were last washed is anybody's guess. Two small Japanese coal stoves lessened the cold. We arrived in Pusan 12:15. A night with Harry Hill, Ed Kilbourne of Holiness Mission, John Hill of Christian Mission at Presbyterian House (Otto De Camp flew to Japan because of illness of the children, measles, and a threat that the house was to be sold out from under them). Next day to Kujedo and the quonset hut which is home. My roommate was out when I arrived, so I fell to my knees in deep gratitude to God for His mercy and grace in granting me the privilege of the trip and in dedication to His will that this new term of service might be truly fruitful.

I soon learned of trouble in one of the compounds, difficulties the Christians are experiencing, but as serious as it is, it didn't disturb me as those things used to sometime ago, for I've learned that God in His goodness translates these difficulties into demonstrations of His power and blessings thru what at first seemed like defeat and loss.

Have you seen the article in TIME magazine, January 28th, about the POW camp under the title, "Beggars' Island"? It's most unfortunate, entirely misleading, and I'd just like to mention this. The reporter whom I met in Pyong Yang just after the UN Forces entered the city is a profane, blasphemous individual. While here he happened to enter one of the compounds at the conclusion of a Gospel meeting attended by 3,500 voluntarily. When the Christians learned who he was, they presented him with a wreath, but who would guess that the man had seen anything good or noble here. His heart needs cleansing from the beggarly elements of the world. Much here can be improved, but much here is most praiseworthy.

Cordially,

Harold



Note new addresses:-

Mrs. Harold Voelkel,  
Washington Heights, Dependent Mail,  
A.P.O. 500, 4 P.M. San Francisco

Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. P.O. Camp #1  
A.P.O. 59, 3PM San Francisco

Tokyo, Japan - February 1952

Dear Friends,

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad". Ps.126:3  
As the many greetings came from friends around the world at Christmas-time, our hearts rejoiced anew in the goodness of God to us and the privilege of being a part of His great family. We want to thank you for the encouragement of your good letters and for your prayer-help.

Although Harold was unable to be with us for Christmas, he was given leave for two weeks in January, and there was an unforgettable week-end at Fuji View hotel at the foot of that lovely, snow-capped mountain, with the weather perfect for pictures and walks. What a joy to be together as a family for a while, even though we missed our daughter Sally, the busy school-marm in Muskegon, Michigan.

Our three boys are having a good year in school. Jack as a Senior in Meguro High School has been voted into the Honor Society, won a trophy in ping-pong, enjoys singing in the choir and teaching a class of boys in Sunday school, and is active in two weekly meetings for Christian young people. It's a joy to hear him practise at the piano. Teddy is in 7th grade, a Boy Scout, loves to draw, and during vacation had a wonderful trip to the Yokosuka Naval base where he had a close-up view of big ships, submarines, and other fascinating sea-craft. Harold is in 5th grade, on the Honor Guard at his school, plays the piano more by ear than by note but truly loves music, and is at present keenly interested in a knitting machine we have bought for making sweaters to send to Korea. It's quite a challenge to learn that only one tenth of the orphans in Korea are in orphanages.

We had just arrived in Tokyo last Fall when I was persuaded to teach in the Christian school, to meet an emergency need for six weeks in the 5th and 6th grade room, and although it was somewhat strenuous I found the experience stimulating, and greatly enjoyed the contact with the children of missionaries. Since then the opportunity to teach one day a week in the school for policemen, an English-Bible class, has been most rewarding. It is the Interpreter's Dept. whose four months course is conducted by a Japanese pastor, assisted by his American wife. It has been a real joy to give these sixty alert young Japanese the plan of salvation and lessons in the life of Christ, and to have them learn to repeat John 3:16. From now on whenever I see any Japanese policeman he will seem like one of my "boys". On Sundays I have charge of the Beginners Dept. a class of about forty American four-year-olds, a formidable assignment at first, but as I have grown used to their "language" and have used flannelgraph in telling Bible stories and the Wordless Book to illustrate the plan of salvation, we have had happy times together.

The many friends from Korea who are living in Tokyo frequently get together and especially at Christmas it meant so much to have several gatherings of the Clan. A social week last Fall of Bible study and conference helped to prepare us in heart and mind for the year's work. When I have visited the Korean church it has been a joy to worship in their fine new building and to feel the warm fellowship. Mrs. Umuro, the Presbyterian pastor who brought the special gift Bible to the Empress of Japan after the war, was a guest in our home and told us of teaching the Bible for four years to the Empress and the royal family. She teaches a Bible class for Japanese each week in our chapel attended by about a hundred. I heard her say at a women's meeting, "Although Buddhism still prevails in this country, it is not enough in a democracy, for it is not of God but of man; we need to build on the Rock of faith in Jesus Christ, the Christian foundation. Help us in this."

My dear father (J.L. Swallen, St. Petersburg, Florida, 111 8th Ave. N.) will be ninety-three on March 24th. He suffered a fall recently that caused a fractured hip but is making a good recovery, and Olivette as the "perfect nurse" reports that he is cheerful and always enjoys having callers. His heart is in Korea still, and Heaven is his home.

A hearty thanks to all who have so generously sent relief parcels to Korea. There is urgent need for this help. We appreciate your faithfulness in these practical ways and in every evidence of your interest and love and prayer-help. It is good to be "workers together with God" in these days.

Most cordially yours, Gertrude S. Voelkel



January 2, 1952 - Kujedo Island, POW Camp

I think you know what my routine is now...the pastors get to my room at eight o'clock in the morning, three of them leave their town at 7:00 to do it, and then we all go out in the jeep station-wagon to the POW hospital where the POW Pastor lives back of the church tent. We have six pastors on salary now, a total of seven with this POW pastor. Each morning we lead prayers in turn and it does something to us to have this daily fellowship. Then I drive them around to the various compounds, after which I usually return to my quarters, a Quonset hut shared with a Catholic chaplain, for a time alone with the Word and in prayer.

January 31 - Pusan, Korea -returning from Tokyo by plane

The trip started out beautifully, a bright, mild day. I took a picture of Mt. Fuji as we passed....while out over the sea we ran into a violent storm; the clouds grew dark, heavy rain beat against the plane, and we struck air-pockets that shook us terribly. But then in a moment the sun broke through, the wind quieted and we sailed evenly along.

I've been up to Andong and had a wonderful visit; saw all the old-timers who want us to return. The work is booming. I took a lot of pictures, had good weather this time. The condition of the churches is a delight. There are now seven churches in Andong, one of which is a leper congregation whose sanctuary was built almost entirely by themselves. In 1946 the first statistics we could gather after the war indicated 110 churches in this Presbytery. At this last meeting of Presbytery there were 181 churches. What a cause for thanksgiving!

February 4 - P O W Camp

It's bitterly cold today, the coldest weather we've had yet, with a wind blowing through this Quonset hut. I've got on layers and layers of clothing so I'm keeping warm in body but my feet are cold since this thin floor is right over the cold ground and gives little protection. We keep the stove going day & night. So much relief stuff had piled up in my absence I loaded the jeep and took it out to three churches of refugee people this afternoon, a most happy errand on a cold day. At the first church a Revival service was in progress. What a glad reception and what a happy fellowship! It delighted my soul to be able to distribute these gifts.

February 10 - P O W Camp

Praise God for today. Just one day like this would compensate enough for separation from the family and any other inconvenience we might mention. With all the encouragement and joy the Lord is giving us, today emphasizes the privilege of being in this POW MINISTRY. I noticed as I drove up to the compound where I was to preach that a large number of the POWs were standing at attention and discovered the "show" was for me, a reception upon my return after leave in Japan. As I walked through the honor guard lined up from the gate clear to the school building where we were to meet, a group followed singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers", accompanied by a cornet and a homemade drum. As I entered the building the crowd rose and threw confetti. On the platform were four large wreaths made of paper flowers with a banner, "GREAT JOY RETURN" and my name in Korean under it. We had speeches of welcome, gifts of rings they had made, a solo, and then my reply. My guess is that 1,200 jammed into the building that is supposed to hold about 900. These schools are the largest and only buildings available for meetings and we are fortunate to be able to use them on Sundays. The ability and energy and devotion of these men is a delight and stirs my soul to anticipate the leadership they will exert after their release.

With the New Year we thought we'd check up on statistics of the various activities in the POW Camp:-

Graduates of the New Testament Bible Correspondence course -	1,271
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Now I trust that all who read this will pause and thank God for His working in our midst and ask for His continued blessing upon us.

The American Bible Society has had printed in Japan 150,000 copies of a pocket Korean New Testament to offer every POW if and when they are released; and a like number of Korean-English hymnals.



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Excerpts from letters of Chaplain Harold Voelkel, U.N. P.O.W. Camp #1. A.P.O. 59

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Now I trust that all who read this will pause and thank God for His working in our midst and ask for His continued blessing upon us. The American Bible Society has had printed in Japan 150,000 Korean New Testaments to date.





Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. POW Camp #1  
A.I.C. 59, P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

February 10, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Praise God for today. Just one day like this would be compensation enough for separation from the family and any other inconvenience that we might ~~mention~~ mention but with all the encouragement and joy the Lord is giving us, today (Sunday) emphasizes the privilege of being here in this POW ministry. Three of the six pastors I have working with me, all refugees, live 20 li (6 2/3 miles) from here and are unable to get a ride in the morning Sundays as they do on other days. I therefore started out to meet them before eight o'clock and picked them up less than half the distance away. It was a bright cool morning and by 8.45 we were all at the compounds where each was to hold his first service at 9. I noticed as I drove up to the compound where I was to preach that a large number of the POW's were standing at attention in formation. In approaching the gate I realized that the show was for me, a WHAN YUNG WHEI (reception) after my return from leave in Japan. Upon entering the compound a Christian came forth and pinned a big paper flower on my overcoat, another handed me a bouquet of paper flowers and as I walked through the honor guard lined up from the gate clear to the school building where we meet a group followed singing ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS accompanied by a cornet and drum, the latter homemade. The crowd in the building rose as I entered and threw confetti at me. On the platform were four large wreaths of paper flowers and a banner GREAT JOY RETURN with my name in Korean under it. First we had the speeches of welcome, a gift of a number of homemade finger rings, a solo and then my reply. Following was the service and my guess is that 1,200 jammed into the building that is supposed to accommodate 900. These schools are the largest and the only buildings available for meetings and we are fortunate, very fortunate, to be able to use them on Sundays when school sessions are not held. In my reply I told them that I was unable to put into words all that the reception meant to me - how little we thought when we first met (just after they were captured) that God would bless us with such a precious fellowship. The ability and energy and devotion of these men is a delight and it stirs my soul to anticipate the leadership they will exert in their home communities upon their release. With the New Year we thought we'd check up on statistics of the various activities: graduates of the N.T. Bible Cor. Course 1,271; new enrollments in the N.T. 1,671; new enrollments in Old Testament (all graduates of N.T.) 772; 14 Bible Institutes with a total enrollment of 3,233. Now I trust that all who read this letter with pause and thank God for His working in our midst and ask for His continued blessing upon us. ~~XXXXXX~~ This afternoon I was to hold a second meeting in a compound but upon my arrival found that a field day of sports had been scheduled for the afternoon and that plus work gangs sent out that included a number of Christians it was decided that we better not try to meet and anyway they had had a meeting this morning. That was at 1:30 and the cancellation of the service gave me a breather before three o'clock when I was scheduled to preach to Korean troops. I had dropped in to see the R.O.A. authorities this morning and made all details and arranged with the G.I. in charge of a nearby American Army theatre to use it from 2.45 on. But at three the theatre was locked and no Koreans were on hand, so I had to go out and pull out my congregation and hold the meeting outdoors, chilly of course but not too frigid. I then drove my preacher brethren to their homes, returned to a steak dinner and from there to the typewriter. What a day and what a privilege. Thanks be to God. Now having shared the activities of these happy day with you let me pass on an unfortunate experience that grieved us all this week. One of the pastors had his brief case searched at a compound gate and they found



an unusually large sum of money, which of course isn't a crime (he was doing some purchasing for someone) but having had their suspicions aroused the guards kept looking and found a list of items a group of POW's had asked him to buy and for which they had given him the money. POW's are of course not permitted to have money and its possession by them is illegal and we have all signed statements to the effect that we will not carry notes or messages out or into the compounds. There are legal procedures for this. So, our brother was arrested as an offender and only because he was a pastor was he spared the humiliation of being turned over to the native police. He was formally discharged and we all wept just about at the tragedy of it all. We've had such a fine time together. It's a terrible blow to the man who is a refugee pastor from the north in whose church I preached while up there more than a year ago. Now what he or the others do not know is that that night I called on the officer who fired him and without asking any favors or making any appeal simply told what a sorrow it was to us all. Good-hearted American said, "O.K., come to the office tomorrow and I'll give you his employment card back". Which I did. I've figured it will be a good moral tonic for all to grieve a little longer and then I'll break the good news. What a joy forgiveness is - "He that hath had much forgiven loveth much". Great forgiveness awakens much love.\*\*\*Last night the Commanding Officer handed me a letter to read and the Korea people will be interested to know who it was from; none other than Mr. Charles Leonard of Manchuria whose children attended Pyeng Yang school. Mr. Leonard had read our C.O.'s name in some newspaper article about the camps and since we have the Chinese compounds in this command Mr. Leonard wrote telling of his experience in Manchuria and asking if he could be of help. I told the colonel that I knew the writer of the letter well and that he would be an excellent man for the job but as you all know Earl Woodberry is already on the job. Several days ago Gertrude's father's former secretary, the Bible Cor. Course pastor Kim Kun Haw took ill and he was very fortunate in being able to get into the branch of Severance Hospital operating in Chang Sung Po, 35 li from here. By, what a blessing that institution is. A kindly, well trained staff welcomes you and the fine service and treatment is free, part of the Civil Assistance program, a Marshall plan project. Each time I see what American dollars and generosity are doing I get an added assurance that God will see to it that the West will soundly defeat Communism and vindicate the truth that RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION. Yes, I know there's plenty of unrighteousness in America but nevertheless mercies flow from the U.S. to every corner of the globe. On my two visits to Chang Sung Po I visited the Canadian nurses Sandell and Burns and enjoyed their British tea. On one visit I had Lt. Ronald Seaton with me, young surgeon in our local hospital, son of Presbyterian missionaries in Heilong who hopes to join the Korea mission upon his discharge from the army. I'm sure he'll be a fine addition to our medical staff. He tells me of midnight appendectomies, etc., when American surgeons and nurses are roused from their beds to care for the POW's. Imagine any American prisoner of the Reds getting such attention. The American Bible Society has had printed in Japan 150,000 copies of a pocket Korean New Testament which we shall have to offer every POW, if and when they are released. And a like number of bi-lingual Korean-English hymnals. Among the news items in the write-ups of the death of King George and the proclamation of Elizabeth as new ruler was this interesting sentence: "The proclamation was approved by members of the lords privy ~~XXX~~ council and other principal gentlemen of quality". I enjoy "gentlemen of quality". There doesn't seem to be too much quality in the world today but we trust that by God's grace we'll assure more and more a Christ-likeness. So far as I'm concerned among these POW's are many choice souls, real gentlemen with principle and enduring quality.

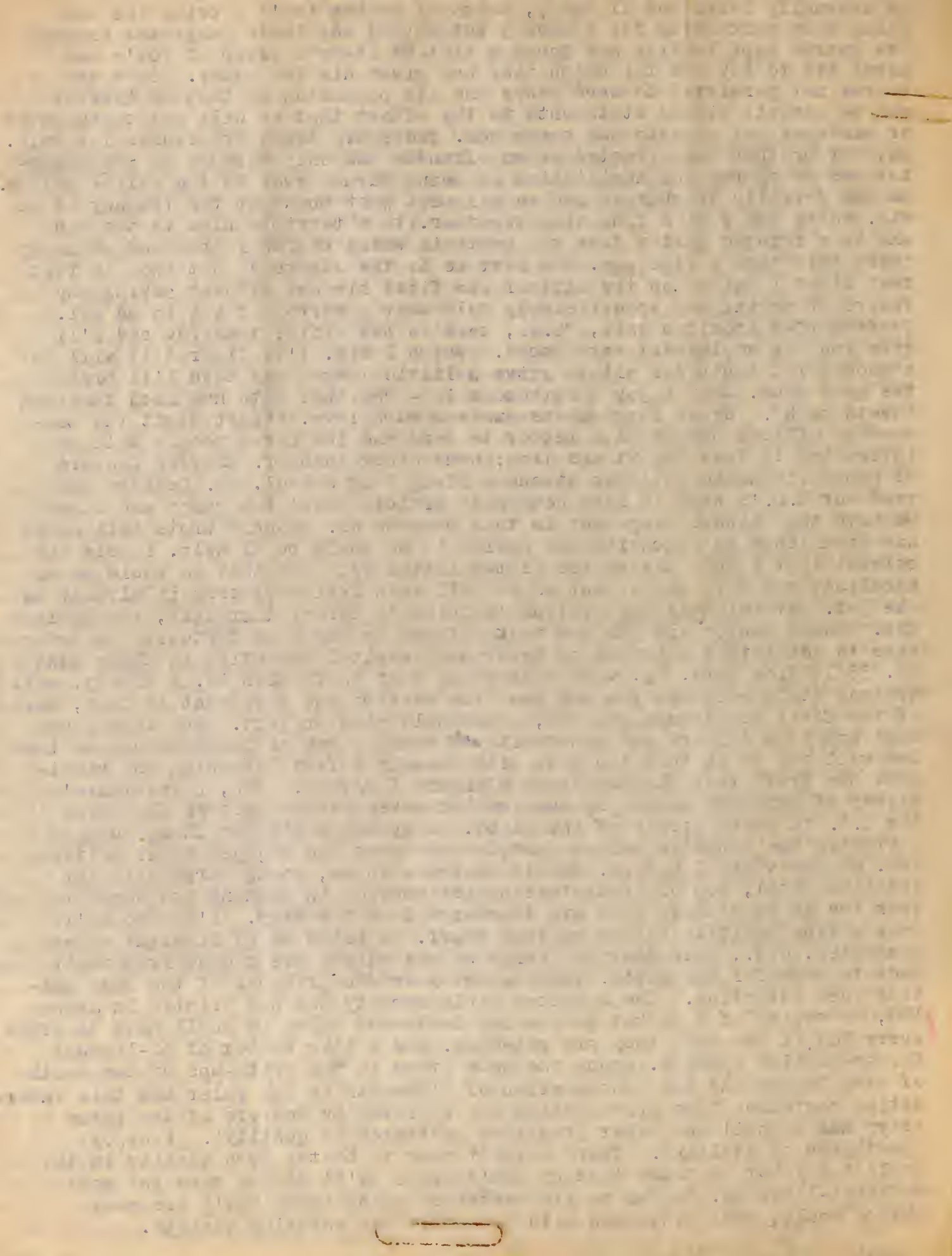
Lovingly

Harold

P.S. Thanks for your dear letter  
that came yesterday & will  
be answered tomorrow.

(H)





Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. P.O.W. Camp #1  
A.P.O. 59, 2<sup>nd</sup> P.M. San Francisco  
February 19, 1952

Dear Everybody,

You all would be interested in this group, this place, and the conversation going on. We are sitting around a barrel stove in the Presbyterian House in Pusan catching up on activities around the country, Bruce Cumming, young Joe Hopper and Petrie Mitchell of the So. Pres. Mission, Ed Kilbourne and Paul Haynes of the Holiness Mission, Harry Hill and myself of "our" Mission. The wood burns quickly for its quite cold outdoors and the flimsy wood and paper walls and partitions of the Japanese house are very little protection against the elements. But there is both physical and spiritual warmth in the gathering for its good to get-together and learn what's going on in other parts of the country. I might just add that last night the bucket of water in the "bathroom" froze.. Ed Kilbourne should be given special mention for arising at dawn this morning to start a fire in the wood stove. It certainly would not be easy to care for a family during the winter in a set-up like this.

Well, let me explain that Bruce Cumming and I are over from Kujedo Island to attend a regional Protestant Army Chaplains' Conference. The program which sought to acquaint missionaries and chaplains on the one hand and the chaplains with each other on the other, included addresses by Dr. Frazer, Canadian, and Hyung-ki Lew, new Methodist Bishop. Frazer sketched recent missionary experiences in the country, and I think I'll give you some details of Lew's remarks for they were considered very good by most everybody. Lew took the subject of the Korean's present day attitude, pointing out that after all the encouragement given him by the presence of the huge U.N. Army the average Korean was confident that the country would be freed of the invader and have peace established in the land. But as a result of what most natives consider a yielding of the U.N. negotiators at the Cease-Fire Talks to the Reds a deep despondency has overtaken the people. Rightly or wrongly, said Lew, the Koreans feel they are being sold down the river, that the U.S. Forces are planning to get out and after they are gone the Reds will certainly overrun the country and blood will flow freely. This dire prospect, Lew continued, explains the thieving and dishonesty on the part of the poor, the graft and reckless living of the war-profiteers; many are living only for the present, whereas the Christians with the faith and confidence in the right that God has given them rest in His faithfulness. He quoted the killed as 2,000,000 since the Russian attack and 8,000,000 refugees. Concerning the Church Lew mentioned the establishment of both the Methodist and Presbyterian Missions at the same time when Dr. and Mrs. Appenzellar Methodist and Dr. Underwood Presbyterian bachelor arrived together. Since the Meth. therefore started with twice the Mission we did Lew regretted that his group didn't maintain that numerical superiority through the years! First time I heard it put that way. But then it surprised me greatly to have him say that as a policy over the years the Methodists had stressed education whereas the Presbyterians had emphasized evangelism. I'm merely quoting Lew now. The result is 500 M.E. churches, 2,000 Presbyterian churches.

Now to go on with the fireside chat,--the So. Presbyterians from Kwang Ju and Chun Ju told about the recent clean-up campaign of Red guerillas by the Korean army. Thousands of Reds were killed, so the reports go, and thousands of people were taken prisoner. Whole villages suspected of being Red were rounded up, women, children, and old men too, and housed in a grain warehouse surrounded by barbed wire. Sickness has broken out and 150 cases were brought to the Chun Ju Mission hospital. With the conclusion of the "clean-up" the troops left and with their departure guerilla activity is starting up again, five or ten here, larger groups elsewhere raiding, stealing, killing. Quite a problem, isn't it?

Here's a more pleasant note. Some American sent two frying chickens as a gift to one of the Chun Ju houses where they were prepared for dinner that night. Pete Mitchell shot a pheasant on a trip and prepared it. Somebody else shot three geese and figured he'd surprise the crowd all eating together. Total: nine missionaries and eight birds for dinner. I trust no Southern Presbyterian will diminish his gifts at this report.



Our Chaplains Conference kept us away from the Choo Do Sil, memorial service for Dr. Horace H. Underwood held by the Christian University. John Underwood came down for it. Its just a year since his father's death. In talking with John I mentioned his being the only missionary in our group who had not yet left the country since the invasion, to which he replied that he was going to break his record and visit Japan in April to attend the wedding of his sister Grace to an army doctor, son of missionary parents from Madagascar, Dr. Jack Harkness. Personally I feel greatly indebted to him as doctor in the Washington Heights dispensary when my wife recently had an accident. The army bus in which Gertrude was riding stopped suddenly to avoid hitting a boy on a bike and threw her across the steps shaking her up considerably and cutting a gash near her eye that required four stitches. I'm certainly grateful it was not more serious as it could very easily have been.

Han Kyung Chik, Pastor of Bethany Church, stopped in for a visit in the afternoon and his smile is a tonic for my soul. He had been up to Seoul ministering to the congregation there, for his people are part there, part in Taiku, and part in Pusan. The attendance in Seoul is some 850 Sunday mornings and 150 at night, that out of a congregation of 4,000 shows how scattered they are. It is very difficult financially in Seoul, for wholesale returning to the city is not yet permitted and the people there are largely women, children, and old people who did not flee at the approach of the Reds, individuals without any income to speak of. There's very little business there, Han says. His orphanage is filled and they have two now, one in Seoul and one on Chay Ju Do. And listen to this, his congregation has now established Tabitha Home, an institution for the widows and orphans of martyrs. At present there are 22 widows and 82 children, an average of three children to the family. How incredible that a congregation entirely refugee itself should in its own difficulty be able to organize and care for others! These figures are released by the Korean government; total number of orphans in South Korea 210,000, of which only a tenth are being cared for, the rest wandering here and there during a cold winter.

From time to time I've spoken of new denominations starting up in Pusan which, since it is the temporary capital, is the logical place to get going. Sure enough a Korean church leader of not too great gifts who has been insisting that his missionary brethren send him to America but never get to go, lined up with one of the new groups and is now to get the coveted trip. A tongues movement mission is seeking logistical support so it can establish a work here, and who can tell what all we are in for with the attention that the war has drawn to this troubled land.

Otto DeCamp has become the particular target for thieves. Some smooth individual slipped into his house in the Pusan Presbyterian House and got away with his new sheepskin coat and a pair of good shoes, and also a pair of Stan Soltau's shoes who was visiting at that time. As it is a Japanese house shoes are removed at the front door. When on a trip to Seoul while the guest of Methodists at Tae Jun, he suffered another loss; a thief came into the room where the three brethren, Otto, Karl Judy, and L.A. Anderson were sleeping and just about cleaned them out. Otto's score I heard was two cameras, an overcoat, and his trousers including his wallet. What a haul and what a loss! But there is to my mind a rich compensation. For men to be able to sleep through any such operation is abundant testimony to clear consciences! Ed Milbourne gave a missionary address recently to a group of G.I.s and when he finished one of them requested Ed to teach the "cannibals how to eat their victims with a knife and fork".

Cordially,

Harold.

Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. P.O.W. Camp #1  
A.I.O. 59, S.P.H. San Francisco, California  
February 29, 1952

Dear Friends,

You have all doubtless seen accounts of the riot here that resulted in a number of POW deaths and one G.I. fatality. The Communists at Pangmunjom are making a lot out of it. The write-up I saw in the STARS & STRIPES which is the American newspaper source, most likely, gives the facts. I haven't any details to add excepting that I've preached in Compound 62 numbers of times, held large outdoor meetings and have shown the Moody film GOD OF CREATION (Korean edition) one evening when nearly everybody in the place attended. But the Reds got the upper hand and conditions became so difficult for the Christians we transferred them to more congenial quarters sometime ago. I heard the shots the morning of the riot and later saw the ambulances carrying the dead and wounded to the hospital. I have since visited the wounded in the hospital and witnessed to them. There may still be some Christians in #62 who because of the Red control are having to exercise caution, but our experience has been that when the pressure is relieved they emerge with their faith stronger than ever.

While I'm on the matter of riots in the Camp, let me say that several newspaper articles I've read from time to time of POW life here in papers from the South, Middle East, and East of the U.S.A. have been misleading and for the most part untrue. One particular clipping from a Boston paper I'll never forget for it gave the impression that killings were taking place daily and just about all day long. Quotations were given to the effect that feeling was bad between the Koreans and Americans on the one hand, and between Communist Koreans and Rightist Koreans on the other, and that each group displayed its dislike of the other through clubbings and shootings that kept the place in a constant turmoil. Also, the Camp here is pictured as a miserable dirty hole, dull, drab and unsightly, devoid of any comforts, conveniences or attraction whatever.

Now let me give you briefly some facts that will quickly dispell any such notion. To begin with, believe it or not, the POWs are awakened in the morning with music broadcast through amplifiers over each compound. I live near the Chinese and their slumbers are terminated with such old favorites (to us) as THE WHISTLER AND HIS DOG, THE BLUE DANUBE, MAY I AM DOWN SOUTH, and POLKA AND CIRCUMSTANCE. Don't be too hard on the program committee, the point is its music and it should help get the day started cheerfully. Then the prisoners are given a meal which is as good and probably better than most Koreans (and Chinese, I dare say) are able to afford. For a sample of civilian living costs let me cite this: the pastors who work with me get the highest wage rate on the island, 250,000 won a month, but rice is now 53,000 won a mal. My men require an average of eight mal a month so you can see at a glance that the going is hard economically. I might add that I supplement their salaries nearly 100% but even then I doubt if each member of their families gets the high calory content the POWs do. I ate with the POWs again yesterday at noon and had a very substantial meal of mixed rice and barley, bean-sprout soup with chunks of beef in it flavored with red peppers. I enjoyed it so thoroughly I finished before the pastor who was with me and he remarked, "You must have been hungry to have finished before I did." The round faces and the well-developed bodies of our "guests" show how good and nourishing the chow is.

O.K., we've now got the prisoners awake and fed. Then, some will go out on work details and some will go to school, and it is in connection with these schools that Will Kerr and Dexter Lutz carry on. The curriculum included reading and writing for the illiterates, Leubach Schools, on the literacy principles established by the Philippine missionary Dr. Leubach. Also, arts and crafts for those interested. The results are amazing. From time to time the different compounds give exhibitions of the work done in the classes and the accomplishments are incredible, including for example a whole railroad system, roadbeds, tracks, locomotives, cars, switches, signals, stations, bridges, everything. All made in the Camp. The artists go in for representations of scenic and historic spots like the Diamond Mountains with rugged crags, lakes, water-falls, trees, - all as realistic as can be.



Chaplain H. Voelkel  
Feb. 29, 1952

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Now don't get the idea that this is a country club, for it isn't, it's a POW camp, but it isn't the cannibalistic jungle wild-eyed reporters have misrepresented us to be in American newspapers. The other day I was giving an examination in the Old Testament Bible Correspondence Course on the section that included Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel and Kings. In a conversation with the fellows I learned that one of them had already finished the whole of the Old Testament work and was prepared to take the entire examination. When I expressed surprise and gratitude he replied, "I'm certainly glad I was captured and became a POW for it was here I found Christ and have had the privilege of this Bible study". I could have shouted for joy. He had decided to believe in one of our meetings when the camp was in Pusan. This island isn't "bleak" or a "dun-colored dollop", as reported by myoptic correspondents. Many of the colored shots the G.I.s have of bays and inlets here will compare favorably with the picturesque anywhere in the world.

Well, there you have it, People, the story of Kujedo. I had an inspiring meeting this evening with a roomful of Korean troops who guard the POWs. We had a fine fellowship and after the meeting on my way down to my hut I heard them singing in their barracks,

"Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now,  
He will save you, He will save you,  
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Cordially,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel

U.N. P.O.W. Camp #1

A.I.C. 59, M.H. San Francisco, California

February 29, 1952

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Cordially,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
UN POW Camp #1  
APO 51, c/o P M, San Francisco  
March 9, 1952

Dear Everybody:

I have just had the very great and rare privilege of entertaining three lady friends at dinner, Ada Samuell from Severance Hospital in nearby Chang Sung Po, Buelah Bourns from Severance in Seoul and Edna Lawrence enroute from America to Taegu. Buelah had formerly worked at the local Severance branch and brought Edna here for a visit. Fortunately I was on hand when they arrived, having just returned from an afternoon meeting, so we began in proper British fashion by having a cup of tea.

The first port of call was the POW hospital where Ada and Buelah had visited before and where they knew some of the nurses. On the way to and from the hospital we passed by the compounds and Edna had opportunity to see POW life at first hand. Some Christians happened to be standing by one of the church tents and waved as we passed. Edna remarked that she was seeing a sight many, many Koreaites would love to behold.

The next call was to headquarters where Earle Woodberry and Bruce Cuming came out to greet the guests. They also met the Buddhist priest who is working among the Chinese who told us that he has two sisters who are Christians. What about that? May God use their testimony to move his heart to faith in Christ.

We tried to find Dexter Lutz but he was out taking pictures. Then back to my outfit for dinner and deciding to eat here took real devotion on the part of the ladies. Even when they knew that we were to have liver here they preferred coming here to either the hospital mess where there was a smorgasborg with turkey, ham, beef, cheese, etc., or to headquarters. But the welcome was warm here and the officers were all cordial to the first women guests we've had. The waiters have been told to always use "Sir" when speaking to the officers, "no Sir", "yes Sir", and not knowing any different they "no sir"ed and "yes sir"ed the ladies. It made us smile and Ada told about a Korean patient who'd been working with Americans who wanted to show off his knowledge of the language by greeting Ada with "Good Morning Sargent" when she entered the room. The Korean's boss had been a Sargent! I introduced my guests to my roommate, the Catholic priest, and after dinner invited them to see our quarters. Wise old Roman rushed home after he finished eating and tidied up so that when the visitors entered the quonset my half of the hut suffered terribly by comparison. I've forgotten just what Edna said in connection with another mission member's room but the idea was that it was noticeable his wife wasn't around. What a difference wives make!

Ever since the riot compound 62 has kept up its furious and fanatical yelling and singing in an obvious attempt to wear us out, a real war of nerves. They gather along the fences and yell out their loyalty to the Red cause, demanding the death of Syngman Rhee and the Americans, etc. In all the other compounds business goes on as usual and in the churches we are now beginning to celebrate our first anniversary. Already we've had two celebrations and we'll keep going I suppose until we've made the round of all.

At the first affair there was an orchestra, or band I suppose I better call it, made up of a trumpet and trombone we've supplied, two violins, three clarinets, a bass and kettle drum the POW's made. The effort in making the instruments was wonderful, of course, but when they got started neither the time nor the melody was particularly clear, and only when they got about half way thru was I able to identify the number as ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME. Part of the ceremony is the reading of the church's history and it is amazing to hear all that has been done. What activity and how carefully they have recorded it. At the meeting the other day I took as my text the

Voelkel, 3/9/52-----2

words, "Fear not", that were given to Abraham in Genesis and to John in the Revelation, and also to the nation of Israel in Luke. I tried to show that God's message thruout the Bible in crisis times to both individuals and nations was "Fear not", and that the basis for such confidence and peace was "Unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

The Japan Bible Society has done us the very great kindness of printing 5,000 copies each of both the Old and New Testament Correspondence Course books. It's a superior printing job and Gertrude had then mailed to me APO. You can readily imagine what my room looks like with this huge pile. And the price was right too. When the clerk of General Assembly saw a copy he wanted an equal number for the church's use. The 150,000 copies of the pocket New Testaments have begun to arrive and the other day I had the pleasure of presenting copies to both the leader and the spokesman of the troublesome 62 compound. May its message grip their hearts.

The first casualty among the Korean Chaplains has been announced, Yoon Kwang Sup, 29, graduate of Presbyterian Seminary; of the class of '50. He leaves a widow and two children living on Chaiju Do. The other missionaries who attended the graduation dinner of that class will remember how realistically they faced their ministry, but how little we knew then what these young fellows would meet. Yoon was killed in battle at Kim Wn.

I've been over to Pusan and picked up a few news tidbits which may be old by the time you receive this. Henry Aspengeller is on his way to America to attend a Strategy Conference. Mr. Brannon, formerly of Kaesung and Dr. Billings are coming out for six months intensive evangelism for the Methodists. Ed Kalbourne left for Japan for family health reasons. Maryella Talmage is sailing soon to America to marry Ray Provost former short term of our mission, who is now finishing his seminary work at Princeton. A Mr. Osgood of the Assembly of God church is arriving soon to open a mission and found a native church. In Korean they are called AW SOON MUL KYO HUI, "Pentacostal Church."

Here is an invitation that was sent out by one of the compounds to officers to attend an exhibition:

#### WORDS OF GREETING

We have wasted our time without devoting ourselves to anything and have determined to have a Exhibition to make our senseless everyday life profoundly, for the memory of anniversary of 1st, March. Please attend to the Exhibition! There will be butting of hope in our minds if you will come.

With warm and wonderful days like today the flowers will soon be butting and the hillsides pink with azaleas. Spring has come.

Cordially,

Harold



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U%N% POW Camp 1  
A.p.O. 59 % P.M., San Francisco, Calif.  
March 18, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Back in Pusan for the monthly Protestant Chaplains' meeting. The trip over from Kojedo was the roughest ever and it made us grateful to be able not to get seasick. After all that is a very humiliating experience - so unmanly and also so un-military!! I decided to stay at Presbyterian House rather than with the rest of the Kojedo chaplains at a military billet for its always a lot of fun to catch up on Mission activities and upon arriving at the House was glad to see that Fran Kissler was down from Taiku for some committee meetings. The deliberations kept him going all afternoon and then as we were starting out for dinner to the Officers' Mess I learned that Fran was taking the evening G%I% train for Taiku, really the Seoul train that leaves Pusan at 7, so there wasn't much time for conversation after all but we did cover some ground. Fran reports that the Church continues to flourish in all its work. Pastors are returning north and about a hundred are back to their congregations that extend almost to the front. A thousand are meeting in a Soo Wun Church; seven congregations in Tae Jun which was virtually destroyed in the summer of '50. Homes for widows and ~~XXXX~~ their children have been opened in Seoul, Taiku, and Kyung Ju. A three days class was held for 40 widows who are qualified to teach in Bible Clubs which will help them earn a livelihood and at the same time provide education for children not now in school. On Sundays a truck takes groups of seminary students to churchless villages and they report fine receptions, the unbelievers often invite them to the noon meal. Fran is impressed on his calls to government offices by the number of Christians in important jobs. Bill Taylor is dead, a historic character who will be known to all old Koreaites, the former Chevrolet agent. He died in Tokyo recently. After putting Fran on the train we returned home to find John Talmage and his sister Maryella unloading their jeep in front of the House, having just arrived from Chun Ju. John was putting Maryella on the plane the next day for Japan and ultimately for America to be married the end of May I understand to Ray Provost. She stayed at Chisolms and John came back to put up with us. Shortly the two Mc Kenzie sisters, Helen and Kathleen, of the Australian Mission called, having heard that Maryella would arrive. The Mc KENZIES, Helen a doctor and Kathleen a nurse are still surveying the land not finding it too easy to decide what they should do. There isn't any lack of opportunity for service, that's sure, in fact it's the other way. First of all their mission not having any medical institution here does not wish them to start anything new for this is no time for a building program obviously. So while looking around they have literally been besieged by U.N. Government agencies on the one hand and Korean institutions on the other. In connection with the latter there is great need, overwhelming need, ~~XXX~~ With small and inferior equipment and uncertain sources of support and in lining up with U.N. the opportunity for definite Christian emphasis is lost. The girls feel the best contribution they can make will be in training schools, preparing others rather than in the limited work they themselves can do. They gave an illustration of the value of training. A couple in their father's leprosarium had an untainted boy four years old. Dr% Mc Kenzie saw that it wouldn't do to have that youngster around the place so he opened a childrens' home where this fellow grew up. became a dedicated Christian and now although a school teacher runs a childrens' home "on the side". Naturally the Mac sisters have known this fellow through the years and have been visiting his home and the other day when visiting with the children the teacher put his hand on the head of one of the orphans and said, "In 20 years he'll be like me". helping other



children. One half of the total health program of the South Korean Gov't is being spent on lepers: 14,000 in institutions and 45,000 wandering over the country. Rice has now reached the incredible price of ₦70,000 a mal. The rate of exchange dipped down a bit this week when the Gov't made dollars available to foreign merchants for certain purchases but this morning it was back again to ₦13,000 for a dollar. The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Holiness pastors ought to look quite fashionable this Spring for the Boards representing those churches pooled a fund to buy Spring suits for the clergy and the house here was piled up with part of the 1,200 to be distributed. A practical gift, nicht wahr? When John Talmage returned from the airport he had Herb Coddington (M.D.) of his mission who had arrived on the plane that took Maryella to Japan. That brought up the occupants to the goodly number of five in this household and since steak, grilled steak, French-fried potatoes, tomatoes, peas, carrot and raisin salad, and lemon meringue pie ~~was~~ on the menu at the officers mess, we got two tables together and with Bruce Cumming and Earl Woodberry had a wonderful meal. Delicious steak - could have cut it with a fork. We're all grateful for our blessings, but my guess is most of the men would prefer corned-beef with their families. At the Chaplains' Conference yesterday afternoon the speakers were Dr. Abernathy of the Southern Baptist Mission and Han kyung Jik. It seemed strange to me to have Abernathy introduced "Baptist" as a Korea missionary but it's a fact. Last month the Korean speaker was Hyung Ki Lew, you'll remember. Han took as his address a sketch of missions in Korea, the Scriptures sent by John Ross and the arrival of R.J. Thomas before the missionaries came, then the Appenzellers and Dr. Underwood, the great revival of 1907, the Independence Movement of 1910, the Shrine Crisis, persecution in the North under the Russians and the present suffering. He closed with an illustration that was moving. He told of climbing a hill in Si Ui Ju in 1942 when the Japs. were fiercest in their opposition. Looking over the city at his feet and the utter helplessness and misery of the Christians he was so depressed he put his head between his knees and wept. While in this beaten and baffled frame of mind God gave him a vision. He saw as it were the whole of Korea before him, countless villages, and in each village a white church in the center with a bell ringing calling the people to the House of God. It stirred his soul, his depression had gone, he had the inner assurance that God would see him and the Christians through. And now said Han that vision is still his inspiration to believe that God will bring us through this terrific ordeal to a conclusion that will mean life and blessing to the nation. Abernathy, formerly of China (30 year) told of being arrested and confined in his own house by the Japanese until taken to Cheeloo Univ. where other Americans were held. As the Jap. colonel took over he told A. this house and all in it is mine and you can take out only your personal thing that fit into that suitcase. A. was repatriated on the Gripsholm, later took a job as adviser in China to a U.S. agency and was in China when the Japs. surrendered. He reached his home not long after and found the colonel still in possession. But how different. A. repeated verbatim the colonel's words, "This is now my house and all that's in it", and the colonel remembered distinctly that that was what he had said. The force of the quotation went home to the soul of the Colonel and he listened most attentively to A.'s Christian appeal. And what a lesson for us here and now. Anything can happen, and it drives us all to renewed faith and prayer and hope for deliverance soon. "This is my Father's world".

Lovingly,  
John





**POW'S BAPTIZED**—Performing baptismal services here for converted Communist POWs in Korea is Chaplain Harold Voelkel, missionary. The veteran missionary conducted many services in POW camps throughout the war torn country.





- Report of Chaplain Harold Voelkel -  
 KOJEDO PRISONER OF WAR CAMP  
 March 1951 - April 1952

The huge Kojedo POW Camp was opened in March of 1951 and now with the transfer of large numbers of the prisoners to other locations this seems to be a propitious time to submit a report of our ministry during the past thirteen months.

**Staff:** Seven Korean pastors, one a POW, and two missionary chaplains have constituted the staff.

**Membership:** When the camp opened the Protestant constituency totalled 4,261. Now we have a total of 15,062, divided as follows: baptized 2,266 catechumens 1,571, preparing for the catechumenate 11,225.

**Church Officers:** Pastor 1; Elders 9; Exhorters 9; Lay Evangelists 18; Deacons 301; Seminary students 35; Sunday School teachers 120; Total 493

**Bible Correspondence Course :** -a detailed, individual study of each book of the Old and New Testament.

Enrolled in the New Testament	-	6,355
Graduates	" "	2,162
Enrolled Old Testament	-	3,428
Graduates	" "	464

**Bible Institutes :** In May 1951 we opened the first Institute with 38 students; now we have 15 Institutes with a total of 3,883 students. The semesters continue for three months. The beginning subjects are LIFE of CHRIST (the Gospels), ACTS, CHURCH HISTORY, ENGLISH, MUSIC, and following through the Scriptures as we go along.

**Bible Conferences:** From November 1951 on, Bible Conferences of a week each were held in the different congregations from time to time, teaching FIRST THESSALONIANS, FIRST PETER, FIRST JOHN, the SERMON on the MOUNT, JAMES, MATTHEW.

**Sunday School Lessons:** Each week a preparatory study class is conducted by the Church leaders for all Sunday School teachers.

**Worship:** Worship is held in each church every Sunday conducted by the Korean and American Chaplains.

Christian Endeavor meetings each Sunday evening, and daily Daybreak prayer meetings are led in turn by different leaders of the congregations.

**Sacraments:** The Lord's Supper has been celebrated three times, May 6, 1951, October 7, 1951 (World Wide Communion Sunday), and April 13, 1952 (Easter). On these occasions there were baptisms and admissions to the catechumenate.

	1st communion	2nd communion	3rd communion
Number baptized	84	202	614
Catechumens	111	465	1,397
Total Communicants	500	1,712	2,317

**Candidates for the Ministry:** 642 have signified an intention to enter the Gospel Ministry upon their release.

**Audio-Visual:** Copies of Moody Bible Institute film GOD of CREATION and Cecil DeMille's KING of KINGS (Mr. DeMille's personal gift to the POWs) have been shown to an average of 10,000 men a month. Attendance is limited by the smallness of the one building available in each compound. Stereopticon pictures on THE PRODIGAL SON, PENTECOST, and JOSEPH are being shown in each compound.

## Supplies Distributed:

585 Whole Bibles (exceedingly difficult to obtain)  
5,874 Standard-sized New Testaments  
10,000 Pocket New Testaments  
8,000 U.N. Bi-lingual Hymnals (English-Korean)  
6,201 Four Gospels and Acts  
181,522 Scripture Portions, Gospels, Proverbs, Psalms, Genesis, Sermon on Mount  
112 English New Testaments  
48 Commentaries on Matthew (C.R.Erdman, translated)  
62 " John "  
643,320 Tracts  
20 Life of Augustine  
40 Pilgrim's Progress  
20 Book of Christian Martyrs  
110 Christian Life  
38 Constitution of Korean Presbyterian Church  
4,474 Manuals of Bible Correspondence Course  
8,432 Notebooks  
12,194 Pencils  
216 Fountain pens  
74 Brushes - for writing native style  
161 Bottles of ink  
68 Boxes of chalk  
155 Combs  
15 Bottles of paste  
150 English-Japanese Dictionaries (far superior to English-Korean)  
14 Watches and clocks  
100 Harmonicas  
9 Cornets and Trombone  
2 Clarinets  
9 Organs -portable  
6 Basket balls  
155 Calendars  
1 Mimeograph  
28 English Grammars  
50 Subscriptions to two Christian weekly newspapers



## THE BEGINNING

A look back over the three years of this prisoner of war ministry reveals above all else the element of surprise. From the very start the whole undertaking has progressed differently from what anyone would have anticipated, and this we consider the providence of God. A <sup>unit</sup> ~~commentator~~ on the Book of the Acts has characterized that account of the activity of the early church as the "regularity of the irregularity", each succeeding chapter in the apostles' experience unexpected and unpredictable from what has preceded, and it is in that way that God has worked in calling out a church from among the tens of thousands of Korean prisoners captured by the United Nations forces.

*When the*

At the time of the Red's attack on South Korea in June, 1950, I evacuated to Japan with the other members of our mission and there the American Far Eastern Command Chaplain invited me to become a chaplain among the Korean troops being given an accelerated training course in Japan who were shortly to be integrated into the understrength American divisions being rushed to Korea. The invitation had great appeal for the alternatives at that time for the evacuated Korean missionaries in Japan were either to engage in work among the few Koreans living in the industrial areas, find an opening in some Japan mission school where the work could be conducted in English, or return to America! Having come from furlough only a year before it was no time for us to think of the U.S., and the call to a ministry among Koreans in Korea was obviously God's direct leading. He always does things just right, does He not?

I returned to Korea in the Inchon Landing, that hush-hush operation described by a news-magazine as the worst kept secret of the war, and in a few days found myself among the Korean troops fighting in the battle of Seoul, our home at the time of the evacuation. The battle was fierce but brief and soon centered the capital, crushed by the extent of the dreadful destruction of the nation's most beautiful city, ironically enough the work of American planes, guns, and tanks. While the military gains were being consolidated opportunity presented itself to visit around and the news of the capture of large numbers of prisoners challenged me to

contact them. The huge prison at Inchon, built some years ago by the Japanese, had been temporarily taken over for P.O.W. occupancy and as a chaplain I was readily admitted. I first visited buildings being used as a hospital and was not prepared for the awful sight of men horribly wounded. In the treatment rooms and wards Korean doctors and nurses, members of the staff of Severence Hospital, a mission institution, were giving themselves unsparingly to alleviating the pain of the battle casualties. For me it was a joy to be able to speak to them in their own language, assuring them that they were in friendly hands, that they would be given the best medical treatment, clean clothing, nourishing food, and comfortable housing. I brought to them, of course, the truth of God's Gospel, the story of Jesus' love, a testimony from my own life of His grace and power, and pleaded with them to respond in faith to the Saviour. We closed with prayer for them and their loved ones and slipped out to another building where other hundreds waited. The ministry to the P.O.Ws had begun.

Out in the prison yards were thousands who gathered eagerly at the spectacle of their language coming from the lips of a foreigner. They had no way of knowing that I had arrived in their country some twenty years before and was not a neophyte like the other Americans in military uniform. On warm, sunny autumn days that followed increasingly large congregations joined us to learn hymns, recite Scripture, and listen to evangelistic addresses. I had never stood before such crowds in my life before and it seemed the size of the audience was limited only by the range of one's voice. After the meetings Christians came up to introduce themselves, to tell where they were from and give details of prayer meetings small groups of them were holding in cell blocks. God had already begun His work even before we reached the prison.



In a few weeks Pyeng Yang the Red capitol fell and a jeep and trailer were provided for me to drive there. The city had been called "the Christian capitol of Korea", and was the site of the largest mission station in the world. Both boys' and girls' middle schools, a college, Bible Institutes, a theological seminary and large congregations evidenced the phenomenal growth and vigor of the church. Now after four years of World War II and five years of Russian occupation and control, Americans were having their first opportunity in nine years to greet their Korean brethren, victims first of Japanese and then Russian occupation. Those who attended the union meeting in Pye ng Yang's great West Church the first Sunday after the city's liberation will never forget it. Every Korean in the congregation had had his individual ordeal under the Reds, pastors who had been hunted and hounded like animals by the Communists, widows and orphans of pastors martyred for their loyalty to Christ, and members of families still seeking loved ones who had been carried off by the police and of whom they had no information. Now all were exulting in the release God had granted them. I had piled the trailer high with Korean Scriptures the first to reach the north in nine years, and as a young deacon carried the boxes into the church and held up a copy to show what the contents were the congregation while continuing the singing of a hymn burst out spontaneously in grateful applause.

I learned of the capture of large numbers of prisoners of war and their location and started visiting them, first in the city prison and then in the enormous warehouses across the river. Conditions in the prison were similar to those in Inchon with this exception, here the yard was filled with the stench of decaying human flesh, victims of the Reds who had been murdered and their bodies hurriedly thrown into ditches as the U.N. troops approached. Christians were confident numbers of pastors were among those in the prison at the time of the massacre.

I would estimate that some 50,000 P.O.W.s were held in the warehouses in east Pyeng Yang, a scared, ragged, and hungry-looking lot. As elsewhere it amazed them to hear

an American in military uniform speak their language and while at first they were suspicious of me and my questions, harmless enough, soon they warmed up at the evidence that I was a missionary, and in a matter of minutes they relaxed and joined heartily in the singing of a hymn and reciting a verse of Scripture. With a brief message and a prayer I concluded the meeting and continued around to each building - ten in number if I am not mistaken, a full days work but an exceedingly happy one too. On my next visit I was received as a friend and took with me a Korean pastor to help in the preaching, he at one end of each building and I at the other.

This continued for two weeks at which time orders came for me to report to Ham Heung, a northeastern provincial capitol, a change that seemed incredible in view of the tremendous opportunity in Pyeng Yang. I actually considered resigning from the army that I might remain on in the work there but how unwise that would have been in view of what followed. How necessary it is for us to be sure of His will for us. No missionary had been in northeast Korea for ten years and now with the liberating of that area from the Reds I became the liaison between the church and the headquarters of the Canadian mission in Toronto that had conducted the work for years in the two northeast provinces. Moreover, P.O.W.s were here to be cared for, now Chinese as well as Koreans. In a separate chapter I shall tell of our part in the historic and dramatic evacuation of a thousand Christians to Pusan who would otherwise have been left to the cruelty of the Chinese Communists. An early visit to the Ham Heung P.O.W. camp by the Tokyo chaplain convinced him of the urgency of the P.O.W. work so that with the evacuation of the U. N. forces to Pusan later he assigned me to it full time.

This has been the happiest and I believe the most fruitful ministry of my life and in retrospect what appears to have been an incidental visit to the Inchon prison can now be recognized as God's call to a work among 150,000 men that eventuated, by His grace, in churches, Bible Conferences, Bible Institutes and a varied activity we tell about in the following chapters. He has guided, protected and prospered all along the way. He



has raised up many missionaries and Korean pastors who have given sacrificially of their time and strength to preaching, teaching and visiting the P.O.W.s. God has kept His hand so manifestly and wonderfully on this work, at times I break out in laughter at the marvel of it all - God saving, training and inspiring men to radiant Christian lives in a prisoner of war camp. It is another of His holy surprises.

## HUNG NAM EVACUATION

We were sitting in the chaplain's office in Wonson, the big port in northeast Korea. It was late November 1950. The chaplain, a full colonel had been called that evening to a staff meeting and when he returned, about nine o'clock, it was with a gravity that his good-natured slang illy hid. "This is the scoop men", he said, as he entered the door and shared with us the dreadful news that, "250,000 Chinese have crossed the border". We were all stunned into silence by the significance of his words but in a moment the questions began to fly. The full expectation of the troops was that <sup>return</sup>peace and <sup>home</sup>victory were near. General Mac Arthur had promised that <sup>we</sup>they would be "home by Christmas", a promise that those of us on the field considered unlikely, but nevertheless the <sup>hope</sup>prospect was that the war would soon be over. Now like a crash of thunder from a clear sky came this awful report of <sup>a</sup>the "new war".

The colonel urged me to return to Ham Heung immediately, my permanent station, from where I had come to visit <sup>the Home Army</sup>army installations and native churches in ~~Wonson~~. No missionaries had been here for ten years, since before Pearl Harbor. I had arranged a union meeting for the following Sunday, a rally of all the congregations in the city, to bring them greetings from the parent American church and to get information to relay back to the missionaries who had spent so many years with them.

I was forbidden to breathe a word of the news and stopped at the leading pastor's home enroute to the airport the next morning to tell him that unexpected developments called me back to Ham Heung. I held his hand tightly in mine as I prayed for him, his family, his flock and all the Christians in that area. I realized the <sup>brutal</sup>terrible dilemma that would confront them, once the news ~~was learned~~ and tens of thousands of frantic people sought to flee without any available transportation.

In Ham Heung the pastors and Christian leaders gathered regularly in an office building down town called the Y.M.C.A. It was a misnomer for few were young and ~~many~~ Bible women gathered as regularly as men. It was the Christian Headquarters of the city, a good place to meet people and I visited there frequently. My sudden return to the city surprised them and called for an explanation but I evaded their questions with



generalities. ~~After hurried~~

After hurried consideration by military authorities in America as to whether the troops should make a stand in northeast Korea against the Chinese or evacuate it was decided to get out. Soon whole divisions, with thousands of troops and endless lines of trucks, tanks and huge artillery pieces roared through the city to the docks to be loaded aboard all types of craft. It was unmistakably clear to the populace that something was happening.

To the Christians I was their liaison with the American army, and because of the ominous developments the "Y.M.C.A." office was packed with excited, worried people. No time now for generalities <sup>or any</sup> ~~and no~~ evasion. "What's happening?" <sup>they asked,</sup> a direct question requiring a direct answer. "We're leaving", I replied slowly. "What will happen to us?" came right back to me. For six weeks we had been enjoying a close and warm fellowship. I had contacted America for them. Funds and relief items had arrived. Plans had been completed to rebuild the hospital and reopen schools. We were friends.

I tried to reason with them of my lack of authority, reminding them that I was a civilian employee of the army, assigned to minister to Korean troops and Prisoners of War, that Army channels required me to make any request to the general through the Corps Chaplain, and that I would gladly speak to my superior about them but that I could not make any promises. "When will you come back to us?" Their situation was desperate and my missionary obligation to them gave them full right to expect my prompt and total efforts in their behalf. "As soon as I can", I replied in what must have seemed to them like a discouraging tone.

I hesitated to convey their appeal to the Chaplain for I knew the answer before I asked. I could see that it was problematical whether all the Americans and their enormous amount of equipment could be squeezed through the tiny bottle neck of a port in time to escape <sup>from</sup> the onrushing Reds. Officers were ~~bleary-eyed and~~ exhausted from working around the clock. Time was running out and shipping space was critical. What ships were there to transport these thousands of Koreans? It was December and the days were bitter cold. Our Navy had picked up a Korean junk <sup>a few days out</sup> at sea filled with refugees, a number of whom had <sup>already</sup> been frozen to death. The Korean government



had commandeered all the native craft. The Americans would require all their's. Where was help to come from?

I delayed as long as I dared returning to the "Y.M.C.A." but I had to fulfil my promise and with a heavy heart met my Christian friends to explain frankly the factors that made it impossible to offer them any <sup>arrangement</sup> ~~help~~. The room was crowded and tense, and I began by raising questions. "Where would you go if you could get away?" They were aware of reports of people living in the streets of Pusan despite the cold of winter. "Where would you go?" I insisted, "And also, on what can you go? We Americans haven't sufficient shipping for ourselves and <sup>your</sup> ~~the Korean~~ Government is using all your's. What can anyone do for you?" At that point two middle-aged ~~Korean~~ women took my arms and while looking searchingly into my eyes said in desperate and commanding voices, "Don't talk, save us". To that I had no answer. I prayed with them and left the building.

For days I visited offices of the various Army departments making half-hearted appeals, prepared for the negative answers I knew would be forthcoming. And I was not disappointed. I received the negative answers and felt I warranted the rebukes the officers gave me for expecting anything as incredible as that which I was asking of them.

The deadline had been set for six o'clock the next morning. Each day brought the Chinese nearer and now they were just outside the city. By six the next day every American and all our equipment was to be out of Ham Heung. The afternoon of the day before I decided to make my last try to secure help for the Christians, <sup>and while</sup> The Staff officers on whom I called were sympathetic and kind ~~but~~ in ~~a~~ firm language <sup>they</sup> told me finally that there was no possibility of meeting my request. It was a dejected walk from that office to the Chaplain's headquarters, over snow-packed roads. As I turned to enter the chaplain's building a nearby window opened and a Korean doctor called out, "Listen, God has answered our prayers". He has marvelous news for me. The deputy commander stirred by the plight of the Christians and knowing that they would be a primary target for the brutal Peds had granted permission for a special train of ten open freight cars, each with a capacity of 100 passengers, to transport them from Ham Heung to the port of Hung Nam. From there they would be loaded on



4

an L.S.T. and taken to South Korea. The train would leave at nine that night, nine hours before the Chinese were expected, and it was our responsibility to let the Christians know of these arrangements and get them to the railroad yard on time. What news and what work lay ahead.

It was December 15 and nightfall came early. Darkness had already settled when we reached the city in a jeep borrowed from the Chaplain. A strict curfew was enforced out of fear for fifth columnists and the guards were commended to shoot to kill any violators. Our first call was to the Provost Marshall for the Christians would have to be escorted by Military Police from the churches along the pitch-dark streets to the railroad lest they be mistaken for curfew violators. By that time it was 6.30 and we had two and one half hours to chase all over the city to each of the eight congregations to tell them to gather<sup>in</sup> their sanctuaries and wait for guards to accompany them to the train. What a ride that was with a local deacon who knew each congregation and its leaders. Most of the churches were not immediately along the road and I waited in the jeep while the deacon dashed up the alleys to a pastor or elder's house. While stopped for one group the deacon returned sooner than expected, insisting that I go with him. "You must come and see", he urged. And I'll be grateful the rest of my life that I went. It was a small, square church building, the pastor sitting in the center with his congregation gathered around him, all on the floor. They knew that when the Peds descended they would be killed first because they were Christians, and they had decided to await martyrdom in God's House and go straight from there to their Heavenly sanctuary. In the meantime they were praying and what fervent, powerful prayers they were. When the <sup>praying</sup> men finished, the deacon standing beside me with a strong clear voice called out, "Look, Moses has come. You are delivered".

The news was electrical. The train was waiting. They were to gather their belongings, as much as they could carry, and be prepared to leave the church accompanied by G.I.'s at the designated time.

The confusion at the railroad yard beggars description. Ham Heung had a population of 100,000 people and I'm confident that everyone, man, woman, and child who couldn't previously get away had come to the yard to try to go <sup>with us</sup> along. I was there until nearly midnight when a special messenger came calling me back to Headquarters. The next morning I heard from the

Military police colonel that three checks had been necessary to see that the people with the tickets we had distributed got aboard the cars.

And still more of God's goodness was to be shown us. These refugees were taken to Kojedo the island where the POW camps were located and where I had a year's rich and grateful fellowship with them, helping them build churches and establish schools. They were scattered in villages all over the large island and the last report indicated that they had founded 17 congregations. Yes, God has answered our prayers.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U. N. POW Camp # 1  
A.P.O. 59 % P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

April 5, 1952

Dear Everybody,

I've just been over to Pusan and have a item or two to pass along to my "news" family. But before I begin may I say that I am surprised to hear from time to time of the wide circulation these notes have and it would be a pleasure to hear from those of you who have been on the receiving end for months and perhaps years. You can send me an airmail letter for six cents which ought to stir you (!) to write immediately. Well, Spring has come, and as crowded as Pusan has been during the winter it seemed very much more so with everyone coaxed outdoors by the balmy sunshine. The streets are jammed-packed with people and it would help to have a halfback run interference to make time getting around. And despite the push of the crowds and the rush of traffic young Korea demonstrates its optimism and courage among other ways by the following: at the circle in downtown Pusan on the way to the P.X. where so much traffic is headed two kids were whipping tops oblivious to speeding jeeps, trucks, trailers, etc. Real determination and non-challance, don't you think? I met Rev. George Anderson of the Australian Mission out for a two year term. Mr. Lane of that mission is returning to Australian for good. The Arch Campbells are leaving for furlough next month. The Hills are scheduled for furlough this summer. John Talmage, So. Presb. Mission, is returning to the States next month. He has been alone in Mokpo. Petrie Mitchell, So. Presb. treasurer was at Presbyterian House on one of his regular visits. It is necessary to come to Pusan to get money changed. The rate this time was 14,000 won for a dollar. It had been up to 15,000 but dipped down a bit. Jim Phillips our treasurer arrived the morning I left. I met Scott and Frazer, Canadians, and learned from them of a change in Severence plans. The original plan had been for the Army to take over, rehabilitate and occupy the whole plant, and with that in mind Dr. Murray and Miss Burns, Nurse, moved to Seoul. Much of the repair work of the hospital had been completed, but now the army is moving elsewhere and the UNCAC (successor to Marshall Plan) will take over and equip Severence for a capacity of 50 beds, 20 of which will be reserved for orphans. Harry Hill and I visited Chisholms who are directing the work at the POW Hospital Camp in Pusan - the evangelistic work. Six Koreans, Seminary students and Bible women are helping them, and Bertha has been able to start a Bible Institute among the women with a fine response. I think there are 46 students. On the boat returning to the island I met an officer who had the responsibility of installing the latest model x-ray machine for use in treating tuberculosis in the POW Hospital. With the construction of a special room for the machine it was estimated the installation would cost \$75,000.00. America is giving its best to treat and cure POW's.. Would that their treatment of our men was as good. Have you seen the book BRAIN-WASHING IN CHINA, an expose of the techniques whereby the Communists change and manipulate the thoughts of their victims. We are rejoicing here in God's goodness to us as we approach Easter. We have a total of 2,100 examinations, Catechumen and Baptism, and as foremerly because of the large number cannot give them orally and must hold them written instead. Bacon said, you'll remember, "Writing maketh an accurate man". All of the compounds have large plans for Easter, anthems are being rehearsed, and in many of the congregations sunrise services will be held. The decorations, I imagine, will rival those of Christmas. What a hope the message of Easter holds for Korea in her grief and prostration. CHRIST IS RISEN, living and triumphant.

Louis  
St. W.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. P.O.W. Camp #1  
A.P.O. 59, % P.M. San Francisco  
April 7, 1952

Dear Everybody,

God gave me such a happy day yesterday, Sunday, I feel I must write you another page, a postscript to the letter I sent out just two days ago. I was invited to preach the sermon at another compound celebrating its first anniversary and it turned out to be -as the other anniversaries have - a time of great inspiration. The school building where we met was packed with many standing at the doors, a congregation estimated to be about 1,400. An elder presided and after he announced a time of silent prayer the choir sang a chant. In most of the compounds where we have churches the Catholics also have groups and our men hear them chanting the old historic chants of the church and thereby catch on to a type of music heretofore comparatively unknown to Presbyterians. The choir yesterday of about forty men was exceptionally good and put real feeling and precision into their singing. I was moved by the beauty of the sacred music.

We then followed through in the regular order of service and after my sermon on SPIRITUAL GROWTH, the past year's history of the church was read. I was then called out to receive a gift, an oil printing, a copy of Hoffman's (I believe it is) CHRIST in GETHSEMANE, two by three feet in size. I am deeply grateful for it, first for its excellence as a printing, and also for the depth of its spiritual challenge. I used to have a copy of the picture in my study in Andong but lost it when our things disappeared during the war.

After the service I found my car which I had parked inside the compound all decorated with artificial flowers in the shape of a large cross tied in front of the radiator from which over the top and around the sides of the car streamers of flowers were tied, -a riot of color. Really it was comparable to a float. I was anxious to get away, for I've been eating quite a few meals in the compounds with great enjoyment, but two weeks ago I picked up a bug somewhere and had a terribly severe attack of dysentery. With the aid of cloromiceton (is that the way to spell it?) I got over it and have made a complete recovery, but thought it the part of wisdom to keep away from native food for a while. But because of the urgency and love of their appeal and in view of the festive occasion I yielded and stayed, and to my delight they had prepared dumplings which they know to be my favorite dish. So I ate heartily and feel skipper today in both body and soul. As I think back over the service, the sight of that crowd of men, and realize the significance of such a time of worship in such circumstances, my soul trills. Around the table we discussed the first meetings just after they were captured and of the experiences that have brought into existence these thriving congregations. One of the fellows was from the same village as Han Kyung Jik, pastor of Bethany church in Seoul, a little farming village of 100 houses that has sent seven men into the ministry.

I had to hurry on to the afternoon service in another compound where things have not been too quiet in the past between Leftists and Rightists. For a while our men felt there was real danger physically. At that time our group numbered 350 but yesterday 1,000 were present at the service, -hundreds of new believers, you see, who made a decision for Christ DURING the time of danger and difficulty. "Revival is on", said the leaders, and I could see what they meant. The sight of this second large and enthusiastic congregation stirred me further and I preached out of heart of rejoicing in the goodness of God. I used a blackboard and drew three Chinese characters, RIGHTEOUS, HOLY, and SHIP, to illustrate how the basic truths of the Gospel are latent in their own language. We are made righteous through faith in the Lamb, enabled to live holily through obedience to the King, and sustained by the Word whose truth is confirmed among other ways by the SHIP character that shows the story of the Noahic Flood was known in ancient China. I don't know when I have enjoyed greater liberty in the Holy Spirit. God certainly helped me, I feel sure, to get His truth to the hearts of His new sons.

Most cordially,

Harold Voelkel.



April 15, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Easter Day was a bright and blessed day. Rain fell in torrents on Good Friday and the wind blew so furiously we feared the sunset but would be carried off, but by Saturday and Sunday the roads were dry, the sky clear and bright and the weather delightfully mild.

You will remember that three of the pastors who help in the Camp live in a village about seven miles distant, and each morning I take off at 7:45 to meet these three men who begin walking, leaving their homes at 7:00. Our program for Easter called for services in twenty compounds, establishing catechumens, baptisms, and the observance of the Lord's Supper. The arrangements for the examinations actually took weeks, and I can truthfully say that a thorough consideration was given to each man's fitness for the significant step he was taking. I mentioned last week that the large number made it impossible to give oral examinations and we therefore resorted to written quizzes, with later personal interviews of the candidates. Nearly 700 applied for baptism and 1,457 for the catechumenate. Finally 614 passed for baptism and 1,397 became catechumens. This reminds me of the remark an American pastor visiting here some years ago who when he learned of our requirements for church admission, said, "It's easier to get into Heaven than it is into the Korean Church". To which I replied, "Heaven is different from Korea"... (and so is America).

The elements had to be prepared for 3,000 communicants, and because of a lack of cups (we had used paper cups previously), it was decided to adopt the tincture method, - the pastor dipping the bread into the cup held by the assisting elder, and as he moves around the congregation he places the dipped-bread into the mouth of the participant. I had never tried this method before and wondered what the reaction of the Koreans to it would be. To my surprise and pleasure it met with complete approval all around. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

With three pastors in the Jeep station-wagon we are driving over a pass and down the valley green with the freshly washed wheat and barley in the clear air of a radiant Easter morning. What an inspiration! Near the camp we picked up two more pastors and shortly we were all in our assigned compounds ready for worship. We rotate from Sunday to Sunday, a plan that enables us to maintain a fellowship with all the groups. This time I was in the compound where the Christian leader was killed two days before Christmas by the Reds who resented his efforts to decorate the place with Christian mottoes. Since then the violent Communists have been cleared out and sent to another compound, and a revival has taken place that has brought hundreds into the church. When I arrived the church leaders were seating the catechumens and those to receive baptism on front rows at either side of the congregation. An artist in the compound, an unbeliever yet strange to say, had painted a huge representation of the institution of the Lord's Supper which provided an ideal background for the Communion Table.

Promptly at 9:00, the scheduled time, we started the service. After silent prayer there was a response by a choir of 40, then a hymn, a prayer, a trumpet solo (Gertrude's purchase, a gift of friends in the U.S.), and the sermon. I preached on the RESURRECTION, naturally, from Mark 9:10. "What the rising from the dead should mean", stressing the fact of the miracle of the empty tomb, its significance for our salvation, the confidence it gives of the ultimate victory of righteousness over sin, the assurance it provides of future judgment, and the certainty that is ours now of immortality. Then in turn we publicly examined the catechumens and those to be baptized.

The large school building was crowded and the men were sitting so close together it was really difficult moving among them to give the baptisms. It required real physical exertion to squeeze between them packed in as they were so tightly seated on the floor. Considerable time too was required. I happened to look up at the elder, a POW, who was assisting me and he was so hot the perspiration was dripping from his face. Also in the Communion service that followed, the elder and I had to push our way up one row and down the other. But what fellowship! Praise God for the crowd and for the faith that packed these men into the building. With the doxology and the benediction the worship ended, truly an historic experience gathering around the Lord's Table in a prison camp in Korea.

Heartily yours in Christ, Harold Voelkel.



I'm here not only to attend Gen'l Assembly but also enroute to Yang Chun, 80 li east of Tegu, the railroad junction where one of the new POW Camps is being established. It is one of five such camps: Yang Chun, Pusan, Misin, Kwangju and Wolsan. Doubtless news to this effect has appeared in the newspapers. What about transferring to Kwangju where incidentally his wife is located. What about making a Providential arrangement (large one) to be a steward to reside with one's wife? The army does it right on occasion, doesn't it? It will ~~be~~ have to be itinerating around from one camp to another. It means quite an upheaval in our work but we are more or less used to that with the constancy of the changes among a group of men so large.

Speaking of travel reminds me to mention that the other day when I enquired about the price of railroad tickets from Pusan to Tegu, the pastor whom I asked smiled, for the demand for tickets is so great and the supply so meagre it is necessary to stand in line from early morning until late in the day to be able to buy one. Since busy travellers don't have the time to wait in line that way the obvious takes place - a blackmarket in railroad tickets. By paying 25% more you can get a ticket from a blackmarketeer. While in this strain I'll have to tell of the series of robberies that the Pusan people have experienced lately. It's quite the topic of conversation these days. I've already told you of Otto's camp being robbed while in Tae Jun at the Methodist house there, and then previous to that while Stan Soltau was here losing clothes and shoes. Early Easter morning thieves came to the Pusan Presbyterian House while Harry Hill was alone and relieved him of two cameras, a suit, wallet, keys, etc. A few nights later a policeman passing the house saw the back door open and upon investigation found a thief was in the house who escaped through the front door. An UNCAC (successor to Marshall plan) jeep was waiting in front of the house obviously to carry the thief and the loot off, so the cop arrested the occupants and nothing has been heard since. Incidentally Harry Hill is a light sleeper, you'll remember, and only awoke after the visitor (the first one) had carried a load of stuff out. Harry saw the thief's flash-light but that was all. The third time a thief got away with the spare tire and wheel in Otto's station-wagon. Now Presbyterian House is ablaze at night with flood lights and equipped with a burglar alarm that is rigged up to ring bells, and it remains to be seen if perhaps the next item stolen will not be the new electrical equipment constituting the alarm. And the thieves are not respecters of denominations, for last week they visited the Methodists in broad daylight while Dr. Hankam, the Indian Secretary of East Asia Christian Conference, was a luncheon guest, and stole his passport and movie camera from the room next to the dining room. The night after that the Australians were visited. It must have been Commandos this time, for they brought crow-bars to pry loose the heavy bars guarding the McKenric sisters' room. The thieves got away with a sewing machine and other varied loot. The sisters were away at the time. We may be brought to the necessity of establishing artillery units to guard our missionary postences! But please don't let this discourage any new-comers from considering Korea. You're welcome. Really. Oh yes, the Seventh Day Adventists were visited last week, too, and Dr. Ross lost a new suit, but he's quite used to burglaries by this time; they had a number of unwelcome visitors in their home in Seoul a few years ago.

But I mustn't sign off in this vein. We're guilty of robbery, too. The other morning in our daily devotions in the POW Camp one of the pastors told this experience of a day or two before. After a very busy Sunday when he was completely exhausted, a woman from the village came late at night to tell him that her little girl was suddenly taken very ill. Would Pastor M. please come and pray for the child. He begged off saying he was too tired after the services of the day, but promised to call the next morning. Kim's own thought was that the mother was unduly alarmed and anyway he was tired. But the next morning the child was dead, and he confessed to us his shame at failing the mother in her need. Kim felt disgraced before the company. I would not minimize the breakdown morally that all the thinking in Korea indicates, but it does challenge us to search our hearts to see if there be any taking from others the ministry we owe them that is rightfully their's to expect from us.

Lovingly,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. . P. . W. . Camp #1  
A.P.Q. 59, S.P.M. San Francisco  
May 3, 1952

Dear Everybody,

General Assembly of the Korean Presbyterian Church has adjourned and here are a few details of the activities and decisions. As I wrote previously it was evident from the first that the Conservative group had a large majority; their candidate was elected on the first ballot for Moderator by a two-thirds lead over the next highest candidate. However, lack of numbers did not keep the minority from noisy demonstrations such as have detracted from the dignity and propriety of previous Assemblies, although it must be acknowledged that the yelling and screaming was never confined to one side. The point is that this time the larger numbers of the Conservatives made it unnecessary for them to carry on as before, and by the second day the Liberals saw that their stalling and delaying tactics were getting them nowhere.

I think perhaps I had better get these unpleasant elements out of the way first and then conclude with happier and more inspiring items. Overtures to the Assembly included complaints against both the Chosen Seminary and its leading professor, Kim Chai Jun, the Liberal theologian. After most regrettable fireworks, which a theological issue can arouse in any church group, it was decided to refer the evidences of Kim's departure from the faith to his presbytery for action. This had been done before but it was expected that this time definite disciplinary action would be taken. Concerning the Seminary it was decided that from now on no graduates of this institution would be ordained. Also, so many students have been entering the Presbyterian ministry it was decided that any graduates from other schools would have to take a year's work in the General Assembly's Seminary before being ordained.

Another issue aside from the Seminary one, which strangely enough caused considerable feeling and stirred up much heat, was the establishment of independent northern Presbyteries by refugee congregations within the southern areas. An "emergency appeal" was submitted asking the General Assembly to permit the northerners wherever they are, in Taiku, rusan, Kojedo, anywhere to organize separate bodies, despite their presence within the bounds of an already organized Presbytery. The advantage of such a plan and its practicality seemed remote to the missionaries, and not a few difficulties will very eventually be encountered in trying to work out such a plan, but the Northerners were adamant and the South yielded. All of us had hoped that the presence of so many from the north here and their intermingling with the Southerners in the same congregations would help in ridding the Church of any vestiges of sectionalism, but this idea can't help but intensify it. In both this discussion and the theological one the missionaries kept completely out of things.

While speaking of the noise and confusion that arose from time to time I must add that in one of the sessions an elder, not a delegate, got a vision and standing up with outstretched arms yelled, "The Holy Spirit commands, the Holy Spirit commands". Soon friends quieted him and sat him down, but it was another phenomena in a gathering of earnestly dedicated men who under the pressure and tension of the days must be permitted liberties that groups in normal circumstances could not be expected to receive. After one impassioned address in behalf of the inspiration of the Scriptures visitors to the Assembly broke out in applause. An elder spoke up urging self-control and suggested that to those who wished to laugh that they laugh inwardly and those desiring to weep should do so inwardly!

Many of the reports of the committees are historic and awaken deepest praise. . . Ye Tae Yung, missionary to China, whose family is still there, told us of the hardships of the Korea missionaries in Shantung, China, of the difficulty of getting money to them, of illness, etc. Yet despite trying conditions the work goes forward and during the past year two new churches were built. It amazed all of us to hear how they've succeeded in carrying on a correspondence with those in China, but they do it somehow. Yi Yung Gul, president of Severance Hospital, gave an inspiring account of their work both on Kojedo of which I have written you, in Seoul and Wunju.



Finally I wish to get across to you the vigor and enthusiasm of the Church. The Seminary budget for the next year is one hundred million won (\$10,000.00) no mean sum for an infant institution only a year old. Fran Kinsler has been elected acting president during the coming year when Arch Campbell is on furlough. There are, as I've stated above, bickerings, rivalries and jockeying for power among some of the leaders of the Church, but we're on the march! The suffering that has come to the country has sanctified to the Christians the reality of Christ's presence and the certainty of His help and goodness. I can still hardly believe the report that there are now 3,000 Presbyterian churches in South Korea. Think of that! And the holy ambition of the brethren is amazing. They are now asking for a fund to help them in an overall evangelistic campaign that will DOUBLE the Church, a hundred percent increase! And please remember that this progress is being made in the midst of terrible poverty and privation. Among Presbyteries sent in an appeal for help in a section of its territory where the people face a total crop failure. I heard this morning that around Tejun farmers were being forced to sell their barley now in its half grown condition, receiving a mere 500 won a "pyung" for it whereas they would get 5,000 won for the same amount at harvest two months from now.

The Church gatherings always bring rich fellowship and with the passing of the years these ties grow more and more precious. I met many friends with whom I was formerly associated so closely and see now only once or twice a year at some church affair. Let me cite an example of the blessing of Christian fellowship from what I saw in the Campbell home last night. I've been staying with them during the Assembly. A day or two ago I overheard Arch ask Helen about a group that he wanted to have to dinner... "They say they haven't got any place to go". Helen readily consented and it happened that all the missionary guests eating regularly at the Campbells were to be elsewhere that night. I had asked Edna Lawrence and Otto DeCamp to go with me to the Army mess hall. When I returned I found a group of fine clean-cut fellows gathered around the dining room table and a second table in the living room. "Ah," I thought to myself, "that's the bunch Arch was speaking about". I went to another room to spend the evening and at about 9:30 heard them singing. Who were they? Alumni of the little Academy in Kang Kei that Arch ran "on a shoe-string" for years. They were his boys and being at the Assembly they must get together. Arch told me of each one reporting his experience getting from Kang Kei in the far north to south Korea and of all they had gone through at the hands of the Communists. But they had made it and there they were together once more. Finally they sang their school song and pledged themselves anew to the Lord Jesus whom Arch had held up to them in the years past in the little school in Kang Kei.

Lovingly,

Harold.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS - .....  
4th Military Police Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 3 P.M. San Francisco

May 1 - Taegu ...I've just returned from a visit to Yung Chun where I am to be. The camp is divided into five compounds of about 5,000 men each, a total of 25,000 - quite enough to keep one man busy, but I'll be getting some Korean pastors to help me out. The Commanding Officer is a cordial fellow and the Staff are all agreeable. The POWs had their crosses erected over the church tents and are all ready to go!

May 5 - Pusan... What a day! I started out at 9:00 this morning in the rain and mud to visit the POW Camps here. I found two compounds intact from Kojedo, both with large congregations of Christians. What a reunion and what a witness to the depth and reality of Christian fellowship! The Commanding Officer was most hearty and generous, turning the whole thing over to me. In the afternoon I got both compounds together and had a fine time even though it started raining. My, but the mud was terrible!

May 12 - Pusan ...I left Kojedo at 7:30 Saturday evening and reached Pusan at 1:00 a.m. Sunday morning, - what an hour, and with 7 portable organs! From 1:00 to 2:00 a.m. is lunch time, and I had to wait while the GIs got their lunch. I scrounged a room at the Port Barge, a boat docked at the Pier on which the Transportation people are housed, a really superior deal. And here I am! Sunday I went out to my POWs and had a service attended by 1,500, an outdoor meeting on a sunny, bright day. A glorious time, warming to my own soul!



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.N. POW Camp # 1  
A.P.O. 59, % P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

May 3, 1952

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Loving

JP



Chaplain H. Voelkel  
May 3, 1952

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Lovingly,

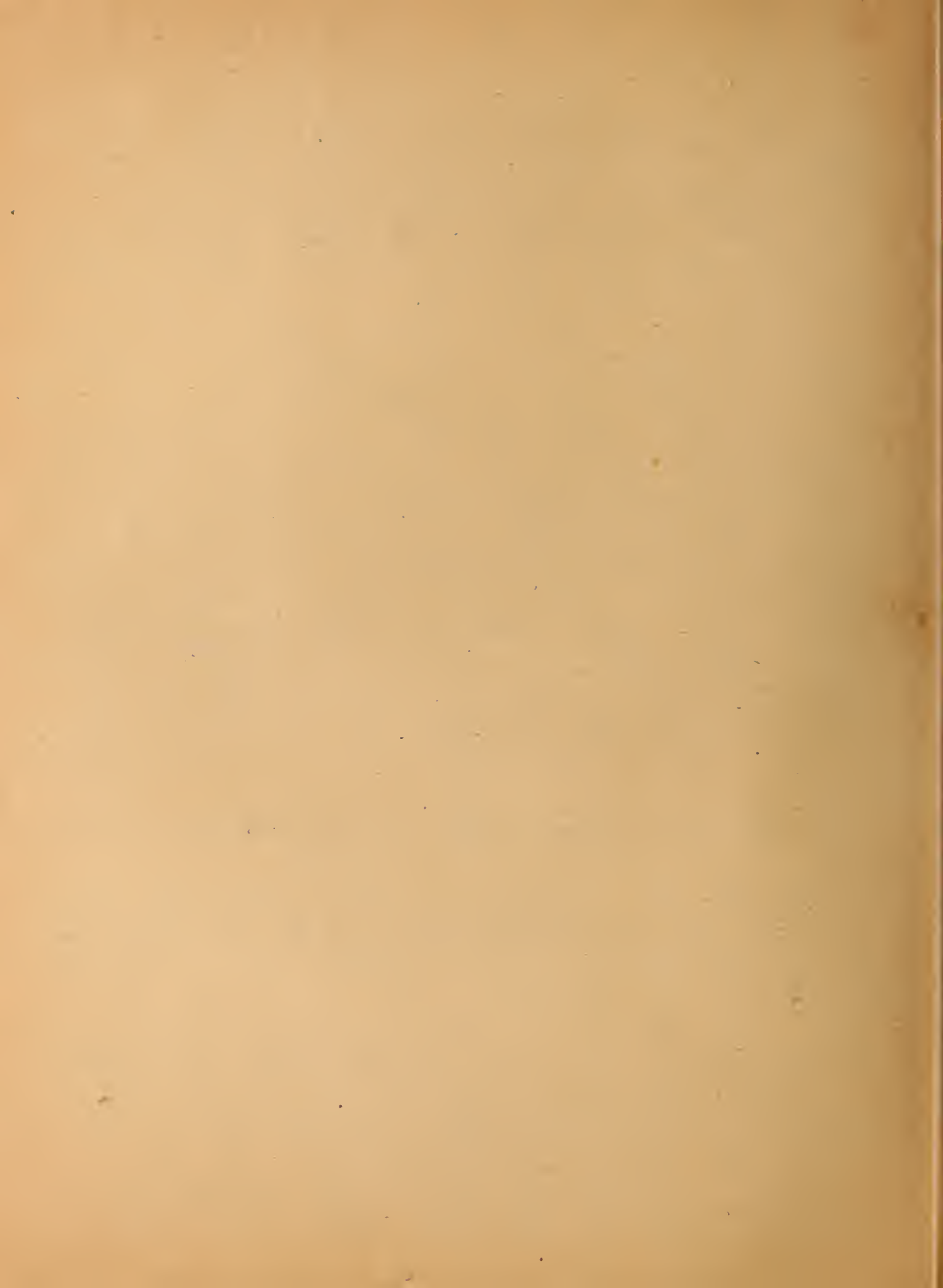
Harold.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS - .....  
4th Military Police Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 5 P.M. San Francisco

May 1 - Taegu ...I've just returned from a visit to Yung Chun where I am to be. The camp is divided into five compounds of about 5,000 men each, a total of 25,000 - quite enough to keep one man busy, but I'll be getting some Korean pastors to help me out. The Commanding Officer is a cordial fellow and the Staff are all agreeable. The POWs had their crosses erected over the church tents and are all ready to go!

May 5 - Pusan... What a day! I started out at 9:00 this morning in the rain and mud to visit the POW Camps here. I found two compounds intact from Kojedo, both with large congregations of Christians. What a reunion and what a witness to the depth and reality of Christian fellowship! The Commanding Officer was most hearty and generous, turning the whole thing over to me. In the afternoon I got both compounds together and had a fine time even though it started raining. My, but the mud was terrible!

May 12 - Pusan ...I left Kojedo at 7:30 Saturday evening and reached Pusan at 1:00 a.m. Sunday morning, - what an hour, and with 7 portable organs! From 1:00 to 2:00 a.m. is lunch time, and I had to wait while the GIs got their lunch. I scrounged a room at the Port Barge, a boat docked at the Pier on which the Transportation people are housed, a really superior deal. And here I am! Sunday I went out to my POWs and had a service attended by 1,500, an outdoor meeting on a sunny, bright day. A glorious time, warming to my own soul!





May 13, 1952

PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS :- Chaplain Harold Belkoff  
4th Military Police Service Co.  
Provisional,  
A.P.O. 301, % P.M. San Francisco

Dear Everybody,

Greetings from Presbyterian House in Pusan. I am enroute from Kojedo to my new assignment in Yung Chun, 26 miles east of Taiku, the railroad junction of the Andong-Taiku and Taiku-Kyung-Ju lines. I imagine you are all waiting for the "inside dope" on the Kojedo capture of the General. I was there when it happened but I don't know that there is much to tell. It created quite a stir in the Camp you may be sure, for the Reds have been so brutal in the past, examples of which I have written you, there was no telling that they would not kill their captive. The reaction of most civilians is, "Why didn't the American troops go right in after him?" But that isn't as easy as it might first appear, for the likelihood is that any show of violence on our part would have resulted in violence on their part. It doesn't take a Red long to club or strangle a man to death. No one could be exactly sure where they would have the General at any given time, for they kept moving him around. Observers with glasses from a tower counted a total of 16 times the Reds moved their prisoner in one day. Moreover, if the Americans entered the compound by force and killed a number of POWs, whether many or few, the deaths would be broadcast as a "massacre" by the Pangmunjun propagandists.

As the Stars & Stripes reported here, telephone wires were sent into the compound so a contact could be established between the General on the inside and headquarters on the outside, and we were receiving reports continually of the good treatment given him. Why the General stood where he did at the gate of the compound where the Communists could capture him is the question the Army authorities are investigating now and which no one but the victim can answer. Everything was in readiness as General Ridgeway announced, to enter the compound by a show of force, an action that would have been no insignificant operation, as you can appreciate. Obviously it would have endangered many American lives, for once the shooting starts no one could be certain a number of our men would not be hit, a prospect that gives a commander pause. All this makes us all that much more grateful that General Dod was able to talk his way out. Thus another chapter of this interesting, if not turbulent experience closes. What weeks and months (almost two years now) this POW ministry has been!

As the newspapers in America have doubtless announced, the Rightist POWs, which obviously included all the Christians, have been transferred from Kojedo to five camps on the mainland, - Kwang Ju, and Non San in the west; Yung Chun in the east; and Pusan and Masan in the south. We five D.A.C. (civilian) Chaplains, - three Catholics, and two Protestant (Bruce Cumming and myself), are being assigned one each to the five camps, and as I have said above I am headed for Yung Chun. Bruce Cumming has the "distressing" necessity of having to move to and live in Kwang Ju where his wife is! What about that for kindly Providence! The Chinese POWs are in Chey Ju Do, (Quelpart), and of course Earl Woodberry is there with them. Needless to say, this splitting up of the family, this separation from so many of my companions of the years now, is quite wrenching of heart to me, and I feel I must somehow get around to see them from time to time. The hope and expectation was that the Cease-Fire talks would accomplish an armistice and would enable these men to be released.

On Sundays a "Union Church Service" is held around at the Australian House, Methodist House, and here alternately, and last Sunday we met with the Methodists with Dr. Billings as the preacher. How well and spry he looks at 71! And the same is true of Dr. Brannon. These veterans carry their years lightly, and it seems strange to us "younger" missionaries to think of these men as being in their seventies. Pete Spitzkeit (Methodist) was in this afternoon and told of a visit to a church north of the 38th parallel, only 19 miles from the front. The whole area was levelled as far as buildings was concerned, from the fighting of course, but the congregation was carrying on. Children were gathered on the concrete foundation of the former school building, to study.

Yesterday evening I asked the fellows here, Otto DeCamp, Harry Hill, and Ed Kilbourne, to the army mess for dinner, and on the way down we saw Peter VanLierop trudging his way to the house. He had sent word that he was coming but in the rush of things everyone forgot to send to the station for him. We picked him up and took him along, and got details from him of the terrible famine that has overtaken the localities in the Ardong area. The crops in these places were a total failure last Fall, and the little the people have been able to get to eat from the government or elsewhere has gone long since. At General Assembly time Pete approached the UNCAC authorities ( United Nations Civilian Assistance Corps) successors to the Marshall Plan, to do something, and arrangements were made for a group to visit the effected areas. The suffering is dreadful. The group visited numbers of houses and saw children dying, shriveling up and so weakened from lack of nourishment they couldn't stand up. Only half the Christians in the local congregations have strength enough to attend the services, and some schools have discontinued sessions for three months because the children haven't been strong enough to walk to school. UNCAC promised to help out with food, and Pete is down here on a private round up of both food and clothing. He reports having succeeded in getting 50 bales of clothing from Church World Service, and 80 bags of flour.

Our Mission's Executive Committee authorized him cash enough to buy a truckload of grain for distribution. These sound like large amounts and Pete is grateful to be able to take the two truckloads with him, but as generous as the 80 bags of flour are, dividing it among ten localities, for example, will mean a mere 8 bags which won't provide nourishment very long. The sights along the streets of terrible poverty and the awful reports of individual cases that come to us are crushing to one's spirit.. Paul Haynes of the Oriental Missionary Society arrived today by plane and visitors have been in to see him. He just came in to tell me that he is actually weak physically from hearing of the needs of so many who are so close to him, and yet not being able to do much about it. Inflation continues soaring. Rice is now 105,000 won a "mal", practically three times what it was last January. Last night Otto DeCamp wrote out a check for 338 million won! Some financing, isn't it?

I failed to mention in connection with the Pusan POW Camp, that Harry Hill has kindly agreed to take two hours a day, as is also the pastor of Central Church PyengYang, now a refugee here. This is a great comfort to me since I can't be around these parts. If I can get someone to take hold of things in Masan POW Camp that "parish" will be to a degree manned. Opportunities are pushing in upon us, more than we have time and strength for.

Arch Campbell was in town today making final arrangements for sailing on Saturday night for furlough. He and Helen will sail from here on the FLYING DRAGON.

Lovingly,

Harold.



- Report of Chaplain Harold Voelkel -  
KOJEDO PRISONER OF WAR CAMP  
March 1951 - April 1952

The huge Kojedo POW Camp was opened in March of 1951 and now with the transfer of large numbers of the prisoners to other locations this seems to be a propitious time to submit a report of our ministry during the past thirteen months.

Staff: Seven Korean pastors, one a POW, and two missionary chaplains have constituted the staff.

Membership: When the camp opened the Protestant constituency totalled 4,261. Now we have a total of 15,062, divided as follows: baptized 2,266 catechumens 1,571, preparing for the catechumenate 11,225.

Church Officers: Pastor 1 Elders 9; Exhorters 9; Lay Evangelists 18; Deacons 301; Seminary students 35; Sunday School teachers 120; Total 493

Bible Correspondence Course : -a detailed, individual study of each book of the Old and New Testament.

Enrolled in the New Testament	-	6,355
Graduates	" "	2,162
Enrolled Old Testament	-	3,428
Graduates	" "	464

Bible Institutes : In May 1951 we opened the first institute with 38 students; now we have 15 Institutes with a total of 3,883 students. The semesters continue for three months. The beginning subjects are LIFE of CHRIST (the Gospels), ACTS, CHURCH HISTORY, ENGLISH, MUSIC, and following through the Scriptures as we go along.

Bible Conferences: From November 1951 on, Bible Conferences of a week each were held in the different congregations from time to time, teaching FIRST THESSALONIANS, FIRST PETER, FIRST JOHN, the SERMON on the MOUNT, JAMES, MATTHEW.

Sunday School Lessons: Each week a preparatory study class is conducted by the Church leaders for all Sunday School teachers.

Worship. Worship is held in each church every Sunday conducted by the Korean and American Chaplains.

Christian Endeavor meetings each Sunday evening, and daily Daybreak prayer meetings are led in turn by different leaders of the congregations.

Sacraments: The Lord's Supper has been celebrated three times, May 6, 1951, October 7, 1951 (World Wide Communion Sunday), and April 13, 1952 (Easter). On these occasions there were baptisms and admissions to the catechumenate.

	1st communion	2nd communion	3rd communion
Number baptized	84	202	614
Catechumens	111	465	1,397
Total Communicants	500	1,712	2,317

Candidates for the Ministry: 642 have signified an intention to enter the Gospel Ministry upon their release.

Audio-Visual: Copies of Moody Bible Institute film GOD of CREATION and Cecil DeMille's KING of KINGS (Mr. DeMille's personal gift to the POWs) have been shown to an average of 10,000 men a month. Attendance is limited by the smallness of the one building available in each compound. Stereopticon pictures on THE PRODIGAL SON, PENTECOST, and JOSEPH are being shown in each compound.

## Supplies Distributed:

- 585 Whole Bibles (exceedingly difficult to obtain)
- 5,874 Standard-sized New Testaments
- 10,000 Pocket New Testaments
- 8,000 U.N. Bi-lingual Hymnals (English-Korean)
- 6,201 Four Gospels and Acts
- 181,522 Scripture Portions, Gospels, Proverbs, Psalms, Genesis, Sermon on Mount
- 112 English New Testaments
- 48 Commentaries on Matthew (C.R. Erdman, translated)
- 62 " John "
- 643,320 Tracts
- 20 Life of Augustine
- 40 Pilgrim's Progress
- 20 Book of Christian Martyrs
- 110 Christian Life
- 38 Constitution of Korean Presbyterian Church
- 4,474 Manuals of Bible Correspondence Course
- 8,432 Notebooks
- 12,194 Pencils
- 216 Fountain pens
- 74 Brushes - for writing native style
- 161 Bottles of ink
- 68 Boxes of chalk
- 155 Combs
- 15 Bottles of paste
- 150 English-Japanese Dictionaries (far superior to English-Korean)
- 14 Watches and clocks
- 100 Harmonicas
- 9 Cornets and Trombone
- 2 Clarinets
- 9 Organs -portable
- 6 Basket balls
- 155 Calendars
- 1 Mimeograph
- 28 English Grammars
- 50 Subscriptions to two Christian weekly newspapers



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4th Military Police Service Co. Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 3 P.M. San Francisco, Calif.  
May 19, 1952

Dear Everybody,

I am back in a tent again, quite a comedown after the luxury of a Qunset hut. It is a dull, rainy day. A GI carpenter and his POW crew are building a framework within the tent that will give it stability and appearance, much more so than the ropes which have been holding it up thus far. Scattered over the place are my personal things and the supplies and equipment, public-address system, gramophone and records, tracts, Bible, hymnals, etc, I brought in the car from Kojedo which I haven't been able to unpack yet. I left the island the day the general was released while the situation was exceedingly tense. The boat schedule was suddenly advanced several hours, making it necessary for me to toss my stuff into cartons instead of neatly packing them, and its much more of a job therefore getting settled now. Moreover, as yet I haven't a desk or table on which to put things, but the GI is a kindly guy and promises me a desk soon.

When I arrived this tent was occupied by the barber. There were no floor boards, the tent was erected right on the ground, a former barley field. The barber was moved elsewhere, a floor was installed, and now with this framework built it is becoming quite comfortable. The illumination is a homemade lamp fashioned out of a used American beer can and burns diesel oil. It is pretty good and will do until electricity can be brought in. The camp is a new, hurry-up job a tremendous undertaking as you can readily understand, and everybody is busy and things are getting done. Both GIs and officers are accustomed to a lack of creature comforts, having been up at the front before coming here. We know that day by day the wherewithal will be arriving that will enable us to bring the place up to army standards. After moving around the army here and there for nearly two years now and having been in on the establishment of a number of these camps, I have an idea of the pattern of things to come and know it won't take long to get orderly and liveable. Fortunately the chow is tops and for dinner tonight we have- steaks! I dropped in at the mess hall this afternoon and told the cook he had a real treasure in the big pan of meat in front of him.

Yesterday was Sunday and we had good meetings in each of the five compounds. I arrived here in Yung Chun on Friday and on Saturday made the rounds to arrange the services for Sunday. When the Christians from within the different compounds saw my car which they know approaching, a shout of welcome went up. This is a precious fellowship. But by Sunday morning I had had an experience that was upsetting, to say the least. Sometime during the night or early morning a thief or thieves came into the tent and carried off a number of my things. Foolishly (I realize now) on Saturday afternoon when the POWs were straightening the tent poles and tightening the ropes and a large group of house-boys from the neighboring G I tents had gathered, I got out a camera and took a snap of the operation, for I figured the sight of the activity with the jeep-load of stuff I brought from Kojedo littered all around on the ground where barley is still growing would be interesting to you in the U.S.A. The display of the camera apparently stirred someone to covetousness, for during the night or early the next morning he took the bag with two cameras, a million won (\$65.00) and several rolls of colored films, my trousers and jacket with my wallet containing over \$250.00 in military script, keys for the car, fountain pens, etc, and a Val-Pac with my dress uniform and other clothes. I've always thought of myself as a light sleeper but now I'm not so sure. The Intelligence Officer here sent immediately for Korean police and detectives and an investigation has been started. In a short time since the establishment of the camp several cameras and other items have been stolen which in each case were recovered, and I am encouraged to believe that mine will also turn up. At least I hope so. I brought the Korean money to pay the pastors who work with me as chaplains in the camp, and the script represents sales of goods to officers made by refugee widows on Kojedo. With the warm weather we sleep with the tent flaps up and it isn't easy to give our possessions much protection.

Chaplain H. Voelkel  
May 19, 1952

-2-

Through this experience I've already learned a couple of lessons. First of all, last night a devoted Christian G I came to cheer me up and asked me if anything had been stolen that would interfere with my work. After a moments thought I had to acknowledge that it hadn't. As great as the loss is it isn't as great as a spiritual loss would be, and we know our spiritual possessions are safe for time and eternity. Also, in the mail last night was a letter with news of the serious illness of a friend and the realization came to me forcibly that physical health is a privilege that dwarfs anything material. With this two-fold reminder of my very great blessings the force of the blow from the loss of mere things was considerably lessened, although it is still not easy to boast with Shakespeare that "He who steals my purse steals trash". And incidentally these thefts are not one way only, -Koreans stealing from Americans. A few days ago Otto DeCamp gave a Korean secretary 200,000 won with which to pay a bill and while on the errand the Korean was held up by two colored G Is and relieved of the cash.

I wish I could express myself adequately on the Kojedo affair. It is difficult for me to contain myself as I read the charges of the Reds at Pangmunjum against the American administration of the Camp. From what I've written during the past year in these letters you know of all the effort and expense that has gone in to providing adequate quarters, nourishing food, skilled medical service, enjoyable recreation and excellent educational advantages. And now after such kind and generous treatment to have these brutal Reds given the opportunity to abuse and accuse us is nothing less than calamitous. Someone bungled somewhere I suppose but with all the evidence there is on our side it is sickening to us who were on Kojedo island to see a job so well done made to appear otherwise.

Cordially yours,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4th Military Police Service Co. Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, % P.M. San Francisco  
June 9, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Now that I'm stationed in Yung Chun I get into Taiku about once a week on a visit, and upon entering the Mission House I hardly recognized it. The explanation? Helen Campbell had completed her Spring house-cleaning. I think I mentioned before that at General Assembly time Otto DeCamp remarked it was evident that no woman had been around the place for some time by the numbers of magazines dated 1950 still piled up on tables and desks! The rooms now look almost bare with so much of the accumulations of the months and years since the evacuation cleared away. Fran Kinsler spoke of Helen completing each day with "twelve baskets of fragments" to be disposed of, and at that rate you can appreciate what a different house this bachelor domicile became under the care and attention of a missionary wife. This is a tribute to her and a recognition of the contribution they all make to their homes.

Dr. Scott of the Canadian Mission who is on a visit to Japan and is meeting the members of the separated families of Korea missionaries said he was thereby fulfilling the injunction of James 1:27... "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction". These separations are hardly afflictions but they are lengthening out to years now and yet there are few regrets for it is the price to be paid these days for the rich fruitfulness of the spiritual harvest God is giving us in Korea today. This leads to a reference to the outlook in our adopted land, for from both a military, political and economic consideration the prospect is not bright. Warnings are being given of the possibility of a Red attack, for with the approach of the rainy season conditions would be particularly favorable to them. Our highly mechanized forces would be bogged down and the air-force's effectiveness would be lessened. You recall that the initial attack was June 25, 1950, very shortly before the time the rainy season usually begins.

Politically the President Syngman Rhee is shocking us all with his dictator tactics. He is completely out of order in this and yet few will question the fact that he is the strongest man in the country and is the logical one for the nation's leadership. Four candidates among the legislators are politically active but none is especially well-known nor have they given any demonstration of the needed qualifications for the presidency. Rhee has the confidence and affection of the people. Also, if four candidates backed by four parties get going in a race for the office confusion and division will result at a time when Communists through guerrilla activity are already boring from within and striving to divide and terrify South Korea. Economically prices are sky-rocketing following the fabulous rise in the price of rice. Some pastors' salary is now a million won a month and that doesn't permit them any extravagance in living.

But let me get back to Taiku where we have a new-comer in the Mission, Tom Harnish, the new Mission treasurer. He comes from the church of Francis and Helen Rhodes Scott, Montrose, Pa., and is a former pilot in the service. His wife and two young sons, Tommy and Stevie, are living in a duplex in Tokyo with Elizabeth DeCamp and their children. Tom impresses us all as the man for the job. The Arch Campbells are back in America and Arch is to receive his D.D. from Beaver College. Congratulations Dr. Campbell! A doctorate might have been given you for anyone of a number of accomplishments in Korea.

Doubtless all of you are reading about Kojedo in the papers and now the story can be told, that is many details can be given that I obviously could not write about at the time. And now having learned of the conditions, the brutality and murder that characterized life in many of the compounds of the P O W Camp during the past months, you can appreciate more readily the depth of the faith of the Christians who remained true despite constant danger. Number of the Christians took their stand at the risk of their lives and their testimony is the more glorious because of it. And the end is not yet, for as you may have read in a Rightist camp where I am at Yung Chun three men were found dead one morning and fourteen badly beaten as a result of bitterness carried over from Kojedo. I am interested in the violence of the reaction against the camp authorities in many circles in America. Did you see that TIME magazine allowed itself to refer to those involved in the General's capture as "boobs" And the article in this week's number is highly critical of the administration. For us the fact remains and the encouragement is that much greater that the Church has thrived and prospered despite persecution and danger. Great patience and steadfastness have been necessary from the beginning.



This is being written in Tokyo in the quiet of our home, and I can't tell you what a joy it is to be back with the family for a little visit again. The occasion ~~is~~ the graduation of our Jack from High School. Many of you will be interested in the activities of the days for it has been one of triumph for Korea. The exercises were held out of doors on the lawn of Meguro High School, the former Tokyo American School, in the midst of a flower garden on a lovely afternoon, June 6. The graduates were beautiful in their white robes and caps. A Japanese orchestra played for the processional, and students of the school chorus sang two numbers. The platform was decorated with much brass, including General Weyland, who has been nominated for his fourth star, father of one of the graduates. The missionary kids covered themselves with glory; Art Kinsler, termed the "brain" of the Senior class in the school year book, received the National Honor Society scholarship prize of \$500.00 and gave the salutatory. Praise God for the boy's speech. There in the presence of all the brass and distinction of Tokyo's highest he declared in a clear discussion of peace for a troubled world that there is no peace "aside from faith in the Lord Jesus Christ... Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord". Numbers of the missionaries present said "Amen" silently, I'm sure. Eddie Adams, another graduate had been elected president of the Student Council and also as the "one most likely to succeed," and our Jack was the vice-president of the Senior class. Today these three are off on a picnic of the National Honor Society to which they had been elected.

Wonderful privileges of Christian fellowship have been their's this year. A young missionary to Japan, Ken Clark, who works among Japanese High School students has given time to the American students of that age and each week has led a meeting for them in the home of some one of them, for the purpose of grounding these boys and girls in the faith and in a knowledge of how to use the Word in soul-winning. They have learned how to do personal work and are zealous in their individual witness among their school-mates for Christ. On Sunday evening a meeting called Chapel Teens is held in the downtown army Chapel Center, conducted by the young people themselves with guest speakers to bring inspirational messages. Testimonies are called for and expected and they have the ring of depth and genuineness. They are facing the challenge of a life lived for Christ, especially on the Mission field.

In two weeks, Lord willing, our four Korea boys, - Eddie Adams, Art and Ross Kinsler, Jack, with Jim Phillips of our Mission, are leaving on a British boat to return to America via the ports, stopping at Hongkong, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, and on through Europe to New York. What fun they are having planning it and what a privilege it will be! We pray it may be the means of truly enlarging their world vision and increasing their awareness of the world's need. Eventful days lie ahead, for being 18 or reaching it soon, they all face the draft and all that that means. May the Lord have His perfect will in each of their lives!

Last Saturday evening the Korea people, twenty-seven of us, gathered at the Presbyterian Mission House (DeCamps) for a time of fellowship. Olga Johnson and Kay Clark who are both leaving soon for America were up from Kyoto. Dr. John Smith, our Board Secretary for Korea, is arriving in Tokyo (or is already here) and when Ned and Sue Adams arrive in a day or two there will be an all-day meeting on Friday the 13th for a review of things and an opportunity to discuss plans for the work so dear to our hearts. And in the evening there is to be a Chinese dinner together.

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co. Provisional  
A.P.O. 301 % P.M.  
San Francisco, Calif.

June 20, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Still in Tokyo on leave, begrudging the passing of each ~~and~~ day and hour with the family and Korea people. There's certainly never a dull moment here for it seems some Korea meeting or reception, a gathering of one kind or another brings the bunch together continually. A few days ago all turned out to a dinner at the FORBIDDEN CITY (really not so forbidding), a Chinese restaurant, to welcome Ned and Sue Adams and Reuben Torrey newly arrived from America. After the schedule Ned and Sue had been following in the US I expected to see them tuckered out but due to the boat trip I guess they both looked tanned and well, and just having come from the land of milk and honey provided us with the sight of a well-dressed couple. That's part of a missionary furlough anyway, isn't it, stocking up on clothes for the five years ahead. I didn't exercise the missionary prerogative of feeling the cloth in Ned's suit and asking how much it cost. Marion Harnish presided at the dinner and introduced a number of guests of honor. First came Gerda Bergman and Lillian Dean Miller who are both retiring. Gifts of a tea-set each were presented to them and in their acceptance speeches told of the joy of the years in Korea and of the difficulty of quitting now when the need was so great and the workers so few. They will be greatly missed and it will be years before anyone is ready to take their place. Then the four high school grads were asked to stand, Art and Ross Kinsler, Eddie Adams and our Jack, and Ned as the Chairman of the Mission gave them a farewell greeting and presented them with the traditional gift of a Bible to take to America with them. Ned then briefly spoke of his impressions of the year at home, first the pressure of work in the Board rooms and the pace the secretaries maintain to keep the work going on the field, second the great interest of the home church in Korea, and third the difficulties the home pastors face in their tasks without the sympathy that we get being overseas. The speaker of the evening was Reuben Torrey, long a missionary in China who is enroute to Korea at the head of a team to help amputees. Reuben lost his right arm in an auto accident some years ago and out of the tragedy of his own experience understands the plight of the thousands of war victims in Korea for whom little or nothing is being done. He helped me understand what I never appreciated before about amputees, namely, that aside from the loss of an arm or leg as terrible a loss as that is, the difficulty of making an adjustment to the new circumstances of life the loss has brought is crushing. The team therefore will attempt to equip amputees with artificial arms and legs, will seek to ~~then~~ teach them skills in connection with the Taejun (Taiden) agricultural project, and will challenge them spiritually with the Gospel. Dr. Paul Crane of the Chum Ju hospital is giving generously of his institution's capacity to this work, Thelma Maw, Methodist nurse and physio-therapist, will be on the staff, two vocational-therapists, Yale men, will be out soon, and Sue Adams is to be "handy man". When I asked Ned how Sue was able to get permission to go to Korea when the other women in the mission are being turned down he smiled and replied that she was going as "Reuben Torrey's assistant". Incidentally the Presbyterian House in Pusan, thus far a bachelor quarters, has been made suitable for the Adams' occupancy. The next day a luncheon was served at the De Camps-Harnishes to meet Dr. John Smith Presbyterian Board secretary for Korea now on a visit to Siam, Phillipines, Hong Kong, Japan and Korea. He was asked to tell what he picked up in Hong Kong and reported that



ten of our Presbyterian missionaries are still in China, some under house arrest with quite a few privileges, others living in exceedingly difficult straits. Have you read BRAIN WASHING IN CHINA? If you have you'll appreciate the devilish procedure the Red's employ to break a man's spirit and make him the automaton they want him to be. Missionaries have not been spared this cruelty and some have cracked up. John mentioned encouraging signs of opposition to the Red regime but nothing that would indicate an immediate overthrow of the Reds. There is word to the effect that the Christian leaders who first spoke up for the Reds two years ago to the embarrassment of the church have come to a sad end.

Romance has budded again. The Lutz's have announced the engagement of Carol to Dick Underwood. Dick is scheduled to return to the States the end of the summer and they are to be married before he returns. Dick expects to continue his studies in the U.S.

I'm wondering if you all get the significance of certain news items tucked away in the papers nowadays. For example, I saw an Air Force report a few days ago to the effect that 1200 buildings in North Korea had been destroyed that week. That's good news as far as the war goes for it represents that much more Red material done away with, but that week's bombing toll doubtless took years to build and represents a terrific loss economically in the future rehabilitation of the country. What I'm driving at is that the longer hostilities continue the more completely the land will be leveled of all property, and the more desperate the outlook becomes. How little there will be for the refugees from the North to return to. Peace will bring the liberty to go back to ruins.

This visit to Tokyo has given me the opportunity to check up on the work of some of the Mission that began after the war. I had a couple of visits with David Morken who is heading up "Youth for Christ", and learned that they conduct street meetings for young people each Saturday evening, and once a month have a Rally in the largest hall they can secure. Last Saturday 2000 attended the Rally and more than a hundred responded to an invitation to accept Christ. An efficient follow-up system is conducted about one third of the converts continue in a Bible correspondence course based on the Navigators' program. "Youth for Christ" has a fine new building with broadcasting facilities in the heart of the Tokyo University center. The other night someone smashed the head-lights and windows of their Chevie Carry-all with a hammar as a reminder that opposition to the Gospel still exists in Japan. Reds, who have been stirring up violence lately, may have been guilty. Quite a few Koreans participate in these Red outbreaks and the other day when Jim Phillips visited the Diet a member told him that a group in the Japanese Legislature wish to deport all Koreans because of the trouble they are causing. The trouble-makers make it hard for all their compatriots.

For the past weeks a Dutch evangelist, Miss Corrie ten Boom, has been having a most helpful ministry in Japan. She was a watch-maker in Holland and during the war was active in the Dutch under-ground helping Jews and other Nazi victims to escape. She and her aged father and sister were arrested and had a horrible experience in a Nazi concentration camp. Her father and sister died as a result of the treatment and she frankly admits it was "Hell", but throughout her imprisonment she had a rich spiritual ministry. Her witness is thrilling and I wish we might get her to Korea for she would be an inspiration to the women there. Out of her suffering and triumph she could comfort and encourage Korea's Christian women.

Heartily,  
Harold



Dear Everybody,

History is being made here and I have had another of those thrilling experiences that could happen only in an environment like this, but the details later. I wrote you last from Tokyo where I had a wonderful, wonderful visit. How much we as a family have to be grateful for! God has made up to us for these separations and after a little time together with Gertrude and the boys I felt quite at peace about returning, for the Lord has compensated richly for our absences one from the other, and the challenge and urgency of the POW ministry here I couldn't be content to remain away from these thousands any longer. Each time I cross over from Japan to Korea the contrast of the countries seems greater. After the green mountains of Japan, Korea is so bare and treeless from the air. Japan is having to fight her way back economically, we all know, and the fact that the going is hard is apparent everywhere, but after being in Japan a bit the awful poverty of Korea is accentuated and can be more definitely appreciated. The people look tired and physically run-down as well as poorly clothed, and the dilapidated condition of the houses and buildings reflects the difficulty of the times.

I got an air-courier Army plane from Tokyo to Taiku and soon after landing was in my station-wagon that I had parked in the Mission garage, and was on my way to YungChun. I could hear shouting and see banners waving as I approached the camp, and soon learned that we were in the midst of a celebration. The POWs (or rather CIs, Civilian Internees as they are called here) were staging a three day demonstration for their release. Day and night they kept at it, singing, cheering, yelling their heads off. At midnight Saturday the air rang with their songs and shouts, patriotic war choruses and pledges of loyalty to the South Korean Government. Then at four in the morning they were at it again. Very little sleep that night!

Sunday was the last of the three days and in order to get our services in before the parading and demonstrating got fully under way, we arranged to meet early, at 7:30. Fully a thousand or more turned out for the service I conducted in compound #1. In arranging the program for the service beforehand the choir leader said that his group was so hoarse from the celebrating they wouldn't be able to render an anthem as they usually do, so I asked two G.I.s, one a former Bible Institute student and the other a Baptist Seminary student of a year, to sing a duet from the bi-lingual hymnal that has the same hymn in English on one side and in Korean on the other. The congregation applauded after the "special number".

At noon each day the news is broadcast from amplifiers set on the roof of the mess hall, but because of the noise of clattering dishes and conversation I missed a news-item on Sunday that I'm sure would have startled me, and which did overwhelm me when I heard it an hour later, namely, that the C.I.s in this camp were to be released. The Colonel called me to his headquarters, gave me the news and other details and asked me to help him get the word to the Koreans, for he realized that the timing was most important and he didn't wish them to hear about it first from outside sources. He had known of the plan previously, of course. A truck with a generator and powerful amplifiers was prepared and we started out for gatherings in each of the five compounds where every man was assembled to hear the announcement. A reviewing stand had been built in front of what is both a parade ground and an athletic field in each compound, and before us in each place stood five thousand men with the flags and banners they had been waving for three days while pleading for release. What an experience as I stood beside the Colonel in front of the microphone! The Koreans had been called to attention and perfect silence reigned.

The Colonel started, "I have an official announcement to make". I put it into Korean. Continuing, "The plan for your release has been approved". Slowly and as clearly as I could it went into Korean. For a split second they stood there galvanized by the import of the words, but when the meaning of what they had heard fully gripped them, pandemonium let loose. Yelling, shouting, clapping, dancing around. I'll never forget it. On went the Colonel, "The release will begin about the first of July. You will be sent in groups to centers near your homes. Upon your release you will each be given thirty days supply of food. Write to your relatives not to come to YungChun, for to do so will slow up the process of release". Sentence by sentence he spoke and I interpreted, and after each sentence grateful applause broke out. Then on to the next compound we went where instructions had been previously sent for all to assemble. Everyone of the 25,000 Civilian Internees heard with his own ears that he was to be released. And having been with those men since their capture nearly two years ago, the news was just as thrilling to me as it was to them.



And I got this spiritual lesson out of it that I trust I will never forget. Despite the fact that these thousands had been yelling for three days for release until their throats were raw, when the word came telling them their wish was fulfilled they were unprepared for it. The news was too good to be true. They really hadn't expected it. The question I am therefore asking myself is, with what kind of expectancy do I pray? Do I call to God for blessing with little confidence that He will grant me my request? Another reminder also comes to me, that as joyous as was the privilege of announcing freedom and release to these 25,000 men, my opportunity to proclaim spiritual deliverance and liberty to the millions of the unsaved in this land is even greater. I must search my heart to find if I am as eager and see whether I get the same delight out of proclaiming release to the captives of sin as I did to these captives of war.

Sunday afternoon after all this excitement I took off for Taikoo enroute to Pusan where I was to report after my leave in Japan. The Army organization set-up makes this necessary and I'm not sorry for it gives me the chance to visit the other POW camps. A G.I. car is attached to an 8.A.M. train from Taikoo, and among the passengers was a sargent with his Korean wife and their three year old boy. The sarg. was from Texas and I wondered what the reaction of his family would be to the wife. You can imagine what the language range is of these brides who pick up a little English around the Army installations. It consists mainly of "O.K.", "Have a yes", "Have a no" The trip took four and a half hours, and when I reached Presbyterian House I realized I had struck it right again, for the delegation of Southern Presbyterians was on hand: John Talmage, Herb Coddington, and Pete Mitchell. John was on his way to America, and this was one of his experiences out of others,-- upon his arrival in Pusan he was told that he would have to have on his medical clearance a statement that he had been vaccinated no less than fourteen days before sailing. The boat was to sail the next day for Japan from Pusan. Since John couldn't get any such statement, he arranged to take the Northwest plane leaving that day for Japan where he would board the boat arriving two days later, and where no such regulation is in force. A mere \$80. extra. Herb Coddington was on his way to Japan for a visit with the family. The Southerners are permitted by their Board to have three trips to Japan of two weeks each a year, or two trips of three weeks. Pete the treasurer was on financial errands, and the rate of exchange this time is 22,000 won for a dollar. Going up! A "mal" of rice is now 132,000 won,--terrific!

The Southerners reported that the church controversy, centering largely around the Seminary issue, is working havoc in their territory, that the three North Chulla Presbyteries are splitting. As I say, the fight centers around the Seminary, but I don't believe it can be called a theological row, for almost all are conservatives. Personalities and bickerings in general are at the bottom of it. Tragic it is that at a time like this when the very existence of the nation is threatened and when God is so abundantly blessing the church, low motives and unbecoming conduct should be allowed to separate brethren, leaders, and vitiate their testimony. The conduct of the Government likewise is most unfortunate, as you are doubtless reading in the papers. The other day the students of Chosen Christian University were forced by the police to march around Pusan in a pro-Syngman Rhee demonstration. Someone was telling of pictures he had seen of an attack by policemen on a group of elderly Koreans known to be opposed to Rhee, who had gathered to talk things over. The old fellows were badly beaten with blood flowing from their heads. Now whether the president himself actually ordered this brutality or whether it was the work of over-zealous underlings is not known, but at least the incident serves to illustrate the Fascist-like activity in Korean politics today.

Tuesday I planned to visit the POW camp at Masan, 50 miles west of Pusan, but alas! there was no transportation available by the Presbyterians, and in such a predicament the Methodist brethren in the person of Charlie Sauers came nobly to the rescue. All he had to offer was a three-quarter ton truck, a former Army weapons-carrier, which because of its precarious condition Charlie hesitated to offer. But at morning prayers we asked the Lord to prosper the trip, and having put it that way it seemed like a lack of faith not to trust Him to get even a wreck the one hundred miles to Masan and return. The chauffeur had qualms, too, but they proved unfounded for we had a dandy trip all the way, made good time and took a big load of hymnals and Bibles to the Camp churches.



The Masan Camp is by the sea, a former Marine site that has a number of permanent buildings, very different from the barley field in which we are established here. The chaplain there, a Catholic, has a house to himself with running water no less. The prisoners are all South Koreans, and the churches are as usual noticeably smaller and weaker than those in the northern camps. Here's a comparison: in the Masan and Pusan Camps we are now having another Bible Correspondence Course graduation. The number of POWs in each camp is about the same, but here is the difference,- in Masan the New Testament graduates are 46, Old Testament 14; in Pusan N.T. are 106, O.T. are 75. That brings me to Wednesday and my visit to the Pusan Camp, to likewise take them a supply of hymnals, Bibles, tracts, ink, chalk, etc.

Having known that I'd been to Japan and would be visiting them, they decided to put on a "Welcome" for me, so when I arrived they lined up for a hundred yards with flags and banners, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers", and "On Christ the solid rock I stand". One of the leaders took my hand and began slipping on a ring they had made. The ring was too large for my little finger and too small for the fourth finger, so he spit on my fourth finger and wiggled it on. Speeches followed by the various leaders, then I gave a short address, and the "Welcome Ceremony" was turned into a Bible Correspondence Course graduation and the number referred to above stood for recognition (181 in all). What a joy! They had heard of the release of the men here so I told them of my joy in interpreting the official announcement and of the delight with which it was received, and then used as an illustration of the privilege it is for us Christians to declare to the world, "If the Son therefore shall make you free ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:36).

This is the compound where Harry Hill and a Korean pastor are visiting five days a week, teaching two hours a day in the Bible Institute and also on Sundays for the services. This is the Camp where Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign minister Anthony Edens assistant, came a few days ago. He accompanied Lord Alexander, British Defence Minister to Korea. Lloyd turned up the same day that Dr. John Smith of our Board came out and when about a thousand POWs assembled for the service. Lloyd heard the Christians singing and expressed his amazement at the sight of the congregation like that in a POW Camp. He quizzed the prisoners about their refusal to return to the Reds,- did they really mean it? why did they not wish to go back? And so on. Yes, they mean it for reasons anyone who has been out here and seen what Red rule does can appreciate.

I take it that all of you in the United States know that Major General William Harrison, the chief negotiator at Pangmunjum, is an out and out Christian, who witnesses personally for Christ and even conducts Gospel meetings for American Army personnel. Let us remember him in prayer.

Cordially yours in Christ,

Harold Voelkel.





Chaplain &amp; Chinese POWs

Dear Friends:

Since the General Letter was written, several interesting items have come to hand and I hasten to get them to you as follow-up material. I am quoting directly from Earle's letters.

5/21 - Everything goes along smoothly but slowly as the three new compounds are getting shaken down. The necessary red tape has retarded our activities somewhat. However, the Lord is working in our midst while "there are many adversaries" to keep us humble and draw us closer to the Lord. The new work among the GIs is also challenging.....How we continue to need your "upbouldstering" prayers.

5/22 - Yesterday was our second big funeral - also a Christian by profession. Two graves - two crosses-witness to the faith of these Chinese POWs in the Lord of life and resurrection.

The Korean Chaplain and Pastor Han held a service in Comp.1 and I have been asked to speak to the Korean soldiers in the 'Army Church' being erected by the Christian officers and men for themselves and their families - membership of over 1000. The Korean General is an outstanding Christian, attending all the church services and taking an active part. The Korean people are the only nation of 'Mission Lands' to have an established Christian Army Chaplaincy with Protestant and Catholic only - no Buddhists, as installed in the Chinese POW set-up under the U.N.

Today we had quite a large distribution of Gospel tracts so that everyone might have reading matter. Yesterday we gave out the last of the New Testaments we were able to bring with us.

5/26 - I am sitting in my little square tent, newly erected Sat. PM facing the Western Sea...It is Monday AM...following a Sabbath of holy ministries and the benediction of our loving Lord: six services for men of three nations - Chinese, American and Korean, in five of which I had a major part.

There was first the 8 o'clock Chinese Comp.1 Service (there are 3 smaller compounds here on Che Wu Do instead of two large ones as on Ku Je Do). Some 4500 men attended. We left Pastor Han there and hurried back in the jeep to the American GI service, also held out of doors...The afternoon was taken up with meetings in the other two compounds with congregations estimated at 5000 and 4200 respectively...The evening was perhaps the most strain in anticipation - the Korean ROK Army service - at which I had to speak in Chinese and have it interpreted into Korean. Actually this was the really climactic gathering about the central Lord in reverent spiritual worship. I would not have missed it for anything...And now on Monday night, following the scheduled gathering at the Engineer Unit, there were four of the Korean house-boys present who were at the service last night. Our blue bi-lingual hymn book made it possible for them to sing along with us. They came forward to shake hands warmly at the close, and one of them asked earnestly, "Are you coming again next Sunday?" as he took my hand in both of his.

5/31 - I'm in my tent and in bed (spell of sickness.....), but am standing by for possibly another funeral today. Yesterday early there was a third death. This time in #1, making one in each comp. We looked into the circumstances and once again I have a little yellow New Testament in my hand - this time with a short personal word of dedication pencilled in the back:

"This book is always to be treasured (lit. preserved and retained).

"In no wise damage it (lit. soil or tear).

"On the 3rd of March (3/3) I was invited together with others to believe, and in a flash I knew Christ's love, how great it is in its length, breadth, height and depth.

"How constant then ought I to order my words and deeds, and ever with prostrate heart..." Here the Chinese soldier-prisoner (#714041), Chen Chang-I, of Li Ch'eng, Shantung, aged 35, like Paul and many others, could not find words to express his deep emotions. He had plunged into God's great ocean way out of his depth..."waters to swim in."

I have looked up the weekly reports and found that in Comp.72 back on Kujedo there were 93 who confessed their faith in Christ that Sunday AM (3/3).

Yesterday in Comp.3 we held a special meeting for the last arrivals from Pusan - over 400 of them - and more than 200 expressed their faith in Christ and came forward to sign their names. It was the only remaining large group not adequately evangelized because of its location over on the mainland and our being curtailed by transportation and time.

6/9 - Monday morning after another blessed day of service in the Master's Vineyard: six services again.... Pastor Han was not here to assist in the services in the compounds. He has been in Cheju City holding a series of revival meetings in the Korean Presbyterian Church for a combined Church Conference and Bible study. There are all too few leaders of the highest qualifications and the Koreans 'most insisted that he give to his own nationals this week of ministry. It did not seem right to deny them the blessing of God thru His minister so I have been here alone for the week, including this busy Saboath...though I'm not fully recovered yet, the Lord has taken me through without a sense of strain.

6/12 - The ingathering of souls during these days has been marked indeed. God is working redouble prayer support - the pressure is on, and "there are many adversaries."

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Translation of the document mentioned in the General Letter:

"Having learned from the Chaplain we all understand that Jesus Christ dies on the cross because of our sins. All of us have sinned many times. We clearly understand that though we are here living as prisoners of war, we can be saved by Jesus Christ.

"Today all of us with desire to seek a new way of life would like to believe the Lord Jesus. We would like to appear face to face with our Saviour and be permitted to confess all our sins. This desire is commonly expressed with determination by the following:" (There were 76 names signed to this.) This translation was done by a Nisei who began to come to church because of it.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4th M.P. Service Co.- Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, S. P.M. San Francisco, Calif.  
July 14, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Things are humming here, getting all the C.I.s (civilian Internees), formerly termed POWs, ready for release. They are given medical examinations, finger-printed, and issued new clothing and shoes. And as I mentioned before, they get 30 days rations when released. I've been going down to the railroad station to see them off. They are a singing, jubilant bunch, waving flags and banners, with colorful bands tied around their caps on which are painted two Chinese characters, "Destroy Communism". The Christians call out to me as they board the cars, thanking me for our ministry among them, and I must confess I'm moved by the sight of so many going, for it is getting lonesome after having been with them for nearly two years. The compounds and our services are beginning to show the effects of the departure of thousands, and within a couple more weeks almost all will have gone. Letters are beginning to arrive from those who have already reached home telling of the fine reception they've received in their native villages and of their happy return to their churches.

The Korean government is making quite a thing out of this operation by having the governors of the provinces, mayors, and other local dignitaries on hand when the trains bearing the C.I.s reach the various release areas. Many of the fellows feared they would be social outcasts after two years in a POW camp, and this kindly reception is therefore all the more appreciated. In Taikyu a few days ago where the men from this province were taken, they were fed by the community upon their arrival, aside from the rations given them by the U.S. Army. From these centers the men are driven in trucks to their villages. Curb to curb service, isn't it? Imagine the Reds doing anything like that? Last week the group headed for Seoul was held over an extra day for very special recognition, a visit by President and Madam Rhee and General Van Fleet. My, what a yelling and cheering that brought forth! The old President spoke most feelingly to them, congratulating them upon their release and urging them now upon their return to work just as diligently and sacrificially at home as the men at the front, and to stir up the people to renewed effort. Interestingly enough Rhee who spoke first in Korean, and Van Fleet afterward in English said just about the same thing, although Van Fleet didn't know of course what remarks Rhee had previously made. Rhee is so old and voice so weak that only a few immediately in front of him could hear. But all couldn't help but see his earnestness and his tears as he pled for the nation's life. The huge general towered over the diminutive president. Madam Rhee is a peppy little person who waved enthusiastically at the cheering crowd.

In farewell talks with the Christians before they departed, the suggestion was made that we organize an "Alumni Association". At first I wondered what the reaction would be to the idea that they continue to be known as former POWs, but any such fear disappeared immediately. They want to keep in touch with each other and continue their fellowship, in the years ahead. They are talking of organizing congregations in churchless villages to be known as POW Churches! Who can tell what God will bring out of these years of imprisonment. May the fruitage be like that in 1919 when many of the present pastors and elders became Christians while in jail because of the Independence Movement. Pray that God will bless these returning Christians, will you not? POWs are generous. Yesterday in one compound the leaders came to me with five musical instruments, - accordian, cornet, clarinet, violin and guitar that they had bought, and asked me to see that they got to the wounded Korean veterans in the hospitals.

Doubtless the papers in the the U.S. have been carrying an account of the train hold-up by Red guerrillas west of Iri (formerly Riri under the Japanese), near Seoul. Ninety-four people were reported killed, Koreans, plus two G.I.s. There were fourteen G.I.s aboard who gave the attackers a good battle. One of the Korean passengers was Whang Kin Chun Moksa of Seoul Presbytery who is now Chief of Chaplains of the Korean army. When the attack started he first thought he had better remove his crosses, for as a Christian he would be a primary target for the Reds, but then on second thought decided that if he were to die it would be better to die as a martyr and therefore left on his Christian insignia. When the Reds came through the car they killed the people on both sides of Whang and contented themselves with taking his watch. Remarkable deliverance, wasn't it?

H.Voelkel - July 14

-2-

I have written you of the action of the recent General Assembly concerning the liberal Seminary. Most missionaries are agreed now that the position taken is extreme and have counselled those whom it affects to wait until next year when the action can be reconsidered. But the supporters of the Seminary in a number of Presbyteries have been organizing and about two weeks ago an item appeared in one of the Christian newspapers announcing the formation of the "Protect the Law" General Assembly, the name that to them represents their aim,-the maintenance of the rules of the church. Many would challenge the propriety of their claim but anyway the new church was to be organized, so the announcement stated, in the First Church of Taiku on July 8th. A number of things happened before that date; first, the Church refused them permission to use the sanctuary, and then after successive disappointments the plan to meet was abandoned. Pak Yung Hebsmoksa of Seoul had been announced as the convener. All are grateful of course for the failure of the divisive movement, for this is no time for fights and splits in the church, and we hope that patience will hold the brethren together.

While you in the States are having excessive heat, we here are experiencing just the opposite. Despite the fact that this is July, Koreans will be surprised to learn that we are sleeping under blankets every night. I'm afraid you'll think I'm spoofing when I tell you that my tent-mate and I are using three blankets each. But there is also the terrible fact that we are having no rain at all in what is normally the rainy season. Today I got these figures: for the whole province an average of only 26% of the rice has been planted. Here in Yung Chung county the average is 23% but in Andong where they have been having famine this past year the average is a dreadful 4%. All over South Korea the picture is far below normal. How tragic it is at a time when millions of refugees have swelled the numbers dependent on the crops, which at best are none too much. This all casts us more directly than ever upon the mercy of God. Pray for Korea.

Last Wednesday I drove out to a country church for prayer meeting. The barber, here, a young fellow who studied in the Taiku Bible Institute, had been urging me to go with him to his home church, so I consented. But dear me, the road!- very narrow bridges over which we just about made it. Once we did slip off the road into the rice paddy-field, but with help we lifted the car out. One of the officers here is the son of a Southern Presbyterian pastor and I had him along. A great meeting, fine attendance in a brand-new beautiful church. I loved the fellowship and it was an inspiration to me.

Yesterday I was able to get four big loads of wood for a new nearby church building. The Reds destroyed their former sanctuary two years ago. My station-wagon was loaded down each time. How happy I was to be able to help them!

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co, Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 7 P.M. San Francisco  
August 2, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Scorching weather is upon us. Since first coming to Korea I had heard of the intense heat and humidity of the Taiku area, but this is my first experience of it and all I have heard is true. Unfortunately the rains are delayed, or to put it more accurately, we have had little or no rain comparatively, and as a result the few fields that had water enough to permit the planting of rice seedlings are drying up. Around Seoul heavy rains have fallen. Would that they could share their plenty with us!

Politics is the big subject of discussion among the people (next to that of food next winter), and four candidates have presented themselves for the presidency. Syngman Rhee is very shy and hesitant about his desire for office, at least that is the impression the old gentleman wishes to give, but obviously great pressure is being exerted in his behalf behind the scenes. Former Korcrites will be interested to know that Hugh Cynn, Methodist leader, now 70, is a candidate. Also Lee Shi-yung 83 (!) former Vice President, has come out. Strangest of all is the announced candidacy of Cho Pong Am, Vice Chairman of the National Assembly, graduate of a Moscow school and former Communist who is still suspected of Red sympathies and activity. His name appears first on the ballot!

Last night I was out in the country holding a meeting in a churchless village. We gathered in the yard of a home and after the meeting the acting-pastor, a seminary student, handed out handbills advertising Syngman Rhee for President and Ham Tai Yung old Seoul pastor, for Vice President. I was amazed at the team, for both are 77. In this election the Vice Presidential candidates are conducting their own free for all and nine have presented themselves. The fact that the handbills linked the names of these two oldsters doesn't mean that Rhee has picked Ham as his running mate; its everyman for himself.

While I'm on the subject of country meetings let me mention the fine attendances we've been having in nearby villages during the last month when I've been able to get out for one or two meetings a week. The heat is no deterrent and in each case it seemed the whole village turned out. I have been delighted to find in two of these struggling congregations that the acting-pastors are both northern young fellows, one from Sin Yi Joo and the other from Pyeng Yang, one a graduate and the other a student in the Taiku seminary. Both left the north at the time of the American occupancy almost two years ago now and came alone leaving their families of whom they have had no word. Its a great blessing to these weaker southern presbyteries to have the energy and zeal of these northerners who are throwing themselves whole-heartedly into the work. I've been most grateful to be able to help out in the erecting and enlarging of church buildings by supplying cast-off lumber from dismantled compounds here. Yesterday we took 2½ ton truck load piled high, out to a village group and it was a sight seeing the whole congregation from pastor down even to the women deacons (despite our protest) unload the boards. I got some pictures I hope will tell the happy story.

As for the Mission the big issue these days is a financial one (not new). The rate of exchange has us all tied up. Until recently we got as high as 24,000 won for a dollar, but suddenly the Korean government cracked down and insists that we be bound by the army rate of 6,000 to 1, a completely unrealistic and arbitrary rate. Let me illustrate. Recently I've been buying watermelons for the POWs and the other evening a fair-sized one was priced at 8,000 and it was worth no more than the \$.30 it would come to at the bank rate, but it was certainly not to be considered at the \$1.25 it would cost at the army rate. The Korean pastor who is working as a chaplain with me here in the POW Camp receives a salary of a million won a month, which at 6,000 won will be beyond our budget. What the remedy for the situation will be no one can say. I am particularly embarrassed by the fact that a week ago I borrowed two million won in town to use for charity purposes with the promise I would pay it back in a few days, but on my visit to Taiku to see the Mission treasurer got the bad news of the crack down. Edna Lawrence who with Bill Lyon is holding down the station activities these days, quoted Ned Adams as pessimistic that the old procedure could be restored, and until some new arrangement is discovered we'll be in a tight fix. Any suggestions?

H.Voelkel, Aug.2, 1952

-2-

A most regrettable and disappointing thing happened a week or so ago to increase the financial complexity of things for a number of church workers, at least. A captain in the Korean army chaplain's office (not a chaplain) was entrusted with the delivery of 17 million won from Taiku to Seoul, to provide the Mission's share toward the salaries of Korean army chaplains and other Christian workers. Somewhere along the line the captain yielded to the temptation and resorted to what he thought would be a bright and quick way to reap large profits. He exchanged the won for American army scrip at 11,000 to 1, much more than the legal 6,000 to 1, and with the American scrip planned some purchases of merchandise which he was sure he could resell readily at a handsome profit. At that point the American M.P.s picked him up and relieved him of the scrip which it is illegal for him to have, and until the case is tried and a decision reached the workers will wait for their salaries. It is possible, of course, that we stand to lose the difference between 11,000 and 6,000 to 1, but here's hoping some way out can be discovered. With the spiral inflation 17 million won to anyone who has lived in the country when a won was \$.50 or \$.25 is a staggering amount of money.

Bill Lyon was all smiles over the approval of the American Army of Lorene's return to Korea. For months now the Mission has been trying to get wives "cleared" but without success. The American Embassy and the Korean government must still grant their O.K. but the basic difficulty has been the army's consent, and now with that obtained the rest will follow, it is confidently expected. And if Lorene makes it, Dorothy Kinsler will be approved next, it is hoped. Grace Woods is already in Pusan and Marion Conrow has the necessary papers to come and join the Ewha faculty. Teachers for Ewha are easier to get in than these other categories. Someone mentioned that Charlotte Linton had been given permission in America to return to Korea, which if true is an encouraging change in arrangements, for thus far we've understood all final decisions were made here in Korea by the army after the people reached Japan.

The POWs here are being released continually and we have only a few left. We're getting lonely! Letters are coming back from them telling of their reception, and one told of his entering seminary and of addressing several groups (one of G.I.s) telling of the blessing he received while a POW. Numbers of G.I.s here have become so attached to some POWs that they arrange for them to return and work as their houseboys. We therefore have a group of workers here who until recently were POWs! Last night they had to forcibly put a POW on the train to take him away; he said he didn't want to leave! Pretty good testimony, isn't it?

The first shipment of hard-core Red POWs from Kojedo are arriving tonight, and it will be a great challenge to confront them with the Gospel. I know them all and they know me because we've been together since they were captured. We'll be renewing old friendships.

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 5 P.M., San Francisco  
August 11, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Great and inspiring days here. I have just had another of those Providential experiences with which God surprises and encourages me in this ministry. Nearly all the Civilian Internees (formerly POWs) are released now and I have been wondering ever since the announcement of the release plan was first made, what my next assignment would be. There are still a number of POW Camps without chaplains (but all covered by Korean pastors), and I began figuring out which one it would be wisest for me to request to be transferred to. I had been praying about it and never expected the answer to come so dramatically.

A week ago yesterday the first group of the thousands of POWs who are to come arrived. I was given to understand that they would be Reds, North Korea hard-core Communists. I went down to the train to meet them and what a shock I got to see the fellows waving South Korea flags and hear them singing the R.O.K. army loyalty songs. That was almost too much. As they disembarked many bowed and I knew I had a lot of friends. When I visited the compound on Tuesday I found them with a tent set aside as a church and a white wooden cross erected over it. What a fellowship we had in catching up on their experiences! They had been in the rioting Red compounds at Kojedo into which the Americans for weeks were not able to enter, living in daily fear of their lives. I immediately inquired about the son of Choi Pil Gun Moksa, former professor in the Pyeongyang Seminary, who had been in the notorious #76 compound where General Dodd had been held captive for a number of days. They pointed him out to me, "There he is!" The father had been over to Kojedo pleading with us to get his boy out, or at least to get permission for the father to walk around the compound in an endeavor to get a glimpse of the son. But since any such procedure would have endangered the young fellow's life we had to regretfully turn down the father's pleas. How good to see the boy alive! He is a former Seminary student. There are fellows in the group who risked their lives and climbed over the barbed-wire fence to get away from the Reds. When the opportunity was given to them to indicate their choice, these men all decided not to go back North to the Reds. Now they are here and we have begun our services among them.

Yesterday - Sunday - the second shipment was to come in. I had conflicting reports about the time of their arrival; sometime during the afternoon. Since I had a meeting at 2:00 among the few remaining Civilian Internees, I decided I couldn't go to the station to meet the new arrivals. After 3:00, while talking with the G.I.s who will be leaving soon, the train approached and we heard strains of the hymn, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!" What a thrill! When the newcomers caught sight of the cross over the tent they all started up, a thousand strong, on what must have been the theme song of the trip, - LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS. That was too much for me and I rushed over beside the train and recognized my former Kojedo parishoners. The whole train with the exception of one coach was entirely Christian, fellows from two of the strongest congregations we had at Kojedo before the split up. They were being transferred from Pusan where they had been a short time, and where I had figured it might be wise for me to move from here. But instead of my moving there the Lord moved them here, and I look forward to a year (or however long it will be until their release) of profitable and inspiring Bible study together. I ran from car to car welcoming them. They had brought a trumpet that blasted out to the dazed G.I.s - "LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS". These Americans don't know what to think of the Korean Christians who take their Saviour so seriously and joyously. How very suddenly and finally the question I had been pondering for weeks about my next assignment was settled! Thousands more are coming and each man will be a spiritual challenge and responsibility.

Today I got in the car and drove down to Taiku to see about a number of items, - supplies of hymn books, Scriptures, etc, but also to get a change of scenery. This little tent and the crowded camp area get pretty monotonous. I went up to the Mission compound and invited myself to lunch; told Kimsie the cook that I'd eat with Edna Lawrence and Bill Lyon, who were out on their respective jobs. They are the only ones in the station now. Ned and Sue Adams had been up overnight on Friday but had returned to Pusan. Bill didn't turn up so I had a visit with Edna. What a busy person she is!



They are referring to her as "grandmother", she said, because of her grey hair, and with the distinction of old age (she isn't so old), she can talk frankly to some of the doctors and other male members of the hospital staff when occasion demands. Recently she felt the need of checking up on the lepersarium. She is the only missionary now associated with the two hospitals. The other day a terrible accident brought them forty patients. Two busses were trying to pass each other on a narrow bridge. Most of the bridges here are now in such poor repair that few have any railings left on the sides. One bus went over the side of the bridge and the forty seriously injured passengers were rushed to our hospital. Edna mentioned that the hospital's supply of fracture equipment wasn't nearly adequate and in the emergency she called on the army and they were more than generous. Sufficient and to spare was provided and Edna is encouraged to continue her appeals in the face of the overwhelming need. Pretty big job for one woman, isn't it?

I was able to pick up only a few news items: Ewha College for Women has put in a request to the army for permission for Anne Bergman to come to Korea to teach. Thus far Ewha has been given generous consideration by the army and government authorities. Miss Winters and Miss Watkins of the Australian Mission have been cleared for return to Korea.

This is the strangest summer I have ever seen in Korea. We have had no rain for ten days now in what ought to be the rainy season. Moreover it is not too hot during the day, though hot enough, but quite cool at nights,- remarkably so. Sleeping in a tent with the flaps up is like sleeping outdoors, and during the night I pull up the second blanket. That for August in the Taiku is strange, to say the least. The farmers are working day and night to keep the grain from burning up, baling water out of the ditches into the paddy fields, as I saw some doing at 10:30 one night on my way home from a meeting at a country church. A few nights ago I was asked to speak to a group of youngsters at the Yung Chum Church Daily Vacation Bible School. They hold sessions both day and night. Fully 275 boys and girls were neatly arranged in the church and excellent order was maintained by the teachers. After I finished one of the young country church pastors from a church nearby, came up and greeted me,-one of the Northerners I mentioned in my last letter. He had walked in with 14 of the younger members of his congregation to attend the meeting, and was now going to walk them home. This he was doing every evening while there were these meetings to attend. I told him to wait until I got the station-wagon and then I drove them home in it. What a happy, grateful bunch! A number of the kids said it was the first time they had ever been in a car, and they sang lustily, "Yes, Jesus loves me", all the way home. The experience was a tonic for my soul. Think of walking three miles each way night after night to attend Daily Vacation Bible School, on a rough, stony road, too, cut up by these heavy army trucks. Praise God for their faith and zeal!

You'll remember my references to the Laubach Schools in each compound at Kojedo where illiterate POWs were taught to read and write. The other day in one compound here a letter was sent to the officer in charge of the schools in the name of the 700 POWs thanking him for the program of instruction that had enabled them to read and write. Since that many have become literate in but one compound, the total of all the compounds at Kojedo would run into tens of thousands. The officer told me this evening that from time to time he has received numbers of personal letters of thanks from POWs grateful for what has been done for them.

The Presidential election returns are in and as you have doubtless read Syngman Rhee is reelected overwhelmingly. He polled over five million votes and the other three candidates all told received about a third that number. Ham Te Yung, Presbyterian minister, is the Vice President. Hugh Cynn got 100,000 votes for the Presidency.

Its ten o'clock, dearly beloved, and I wish you all sweet dreams tonight. My tent is next to that of enlisted men and the racket starts there before six in the morning, which makes it necessary for me to turn in early.

Lovingly,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 1/2 P.M., San Francisco  
August 22, 1952

Dear Everybody,

The heat of the summer seems to have been broken; at least we hope so. A typhoon, Karen, (typhoons are given names these days) which did great damage to Okinawa and continued on its destructive course up this way, blew things around a bit but wasn't too calamitous in view of the drenching it brought. It rained for a whole day, and while more of a down-pour would have been welcomed, yet all are grateful for what we did get. The grain has perked up and with rain again today it is hoped at least a "taste" of rice will be forthcoming at harvest in the Fall. We still have a high temperature at midday but the nights are comfortable for sleeping. One officer whose home is in Washington, D.C., which certainly gets hot in summer, remarked this morning that he felt the heat here much more this summer than he did at home. Perhaps in his case distance lends enchantment.

Well, with a bit of an interim in between the departure of the last of the Civilian Internees and the arrival of all the POWs, I've been able to get out to the country for some evening meetings which have given me a great deal of joy. Foreigners are still a curiosity here and the announcement that a missionary is coming seems to get everybody out. The last two meetings have been held in dried stream-beds right outdoors because of the size of the crowd, and also because of the heat of the church buildings. With no rain, or very little, the stream-beds provide an ideal place for a church gathering, and straw mats spread out make comfortable seats for the villagers. I've been impressed by the care and thoroughness of the preparations, for upon our arrival the people have assembled and a pole erected on which they hang an oil lamp. Usually 250 to 300 people gather, and one little oil lamp is such weak illumination that I have arranged to borrow a Coleman gasoline lamp from the camp here to take with me, and when it is lit in front of the crowd they respond with loud "Ohs" and "Ahs", especially the kids. Now the whole congregation can see and be seen.

The meetings have all been very interesting to me; we have visited a total of ten villages now and the response is excellent. They all listen attentively, the children are orderly, and afterwards the Christians are most grateful. And they express their gratitude, too. Last time after the meeting the leader insisted that I come to his home, but I certainly didn't feel any inclination to; first, because of the lateness of the hour and also because of the heat. We don't get started before 9:00. I didn't like to turn them down for I felt they had made some preparations, but I kept urging them to excuse me because of the time. I saw the helper and elder go into a huddle on the side, and in a moment a compromise was suggested, that I couldn't resist, - that they bring the food out so we could eat where we had worshipped. Soon piles of watermelons and "chamoi" (Korean cantelope) appeared, and we sat down on the mats around the Coleman light that had been lowered, and we devoured the refreshments. I trust the feast of soul was as plentiful as the feast of melons. I can't imagine a more delightful fellowship anywhere than these happy hours with deeply grateful and thoroughly devoted Korean brethren. At one place the elder introduced himself as an old friend, and asked me if I didn't remember itinerating the church 22 years ago with Ned Adams. Ned took me along with him to break me in on country-church visitation in the Spring of 1930, but I had forgotten that it had been in this area. Anyway, we were old friends by this time and renewed our fellowship where we had left off years ago.

Pleasant surprises are our's these days in getting the details of the development of numbers of POWs whom I haven't seen since four months ago when they left Kojedo. In making the rounds the other day I learned that one of them in the meantime had memorized the whole book of Revelation. A good way to "redeem the time", isn't it? And not the easiest book in the Bible to recite either. We have been wondering how the smaller compounds would effect our work. I imagine the newspapers in the States have carried accounts of the building of new camps with compounds of 500 POWs rather than the 8,000 to 10,000 ones we had on Kojedo. It is still too early to make an appraisal, of course, but we've found that when a majority of the group is Christian, almost all will turn out to both morning and evening prayers, and that even where the Christians are in the minority goodly numbers of unbelievers come along. A few days ago at midnight five POW officers escaped but were caught again in short order.

Released POWs continue to write to us, and what a variety of experiences they are having! One wrote back in the words of Psalm 126:1-3, "When the Lord turned again our captivity, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing. Then said we among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad". In thanking us he said that had it not been for the Gospel ministry in the camps the two years of his capture would have been hell. Another wrote that he found his home destroyed, his parents and family all gone; whether they're alive or not he has no way of knowing, but thanks God for the comfort and strength He is giving him. Yesterday I took a short walk out through some nearby fields and happened to meet a fellow working away. He asked, "Don't you know me? I was in compound five." "Good", I said, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes. I decided to believe in the camp and now that I'm released I'm attending the church over in that village". Praise God! Guerrillas are stepping it up again and one of the through Pusan to Seoul trains was fired on the other day. I don't think anyone was killed, but it shows that caution is necessary. A group of outlaws battled a policeman not far from here a few nights ago.

In Taiku the other day I learned that Dr. Ovid Bush, M.D., Southern Presbyterian from Chun Ju is returning to the States on furlough, and the report is that Dr. Paul Crane who worked with Bush in Chun Ju will not be able to get back as was planned, since the army is grabbing him. Ned and Sue Adams were in Seoul for the Presidential inaugural ceremonies. Each of the Mission heads were invited to the historic event. Ada Sundell in charge of the nurses at Severance hospital on Kojedo had a shocking experience recently. She discovered that one of her nurses had taken her life by intravenous morphine injection. Patience and generosity are to be accorded the people here in view of the desperate circumstances under which they are living. On Kojedo the 100,000 refugees who are almost wholly dependent on the government for sustenance have been in revolt. Apparently their ration, already meagre, was cut, and suspecting the police of irregularities in the rice distribution, some people attacked the police office. In the absence of any formal means of protest they felt led to violence.

Some days ago while in Taiku I borrowed a book, a commentary on the Lord's Prayer, a most helpful and inspiring volume. His exposition is very thorough as he brings out the riches of the prayer. "Thy Kingdom come", is of course the central and basic petition, for desiring His reign in the earth covers everything; His will, His glory, His grace. It isn't easy to pray when its far-reaching implications are borne in mind. It becomes crucial in our lives, and I've prayed it today anew. May God's Kingdom come and His will be done in and through us today.

Most cordially,

Harold Voelkel.



4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, % P.M. San Francisco  
September 1, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Just finished a journey through Southern Presbyterian territory which at present might also be characterized as a guerrilla area. For sometime I had been eager to visit the POW Camps at Non San and Kwang Ju, men whom I hadn't seen since they left Kojedo in April. After waiting for weeks, orders finally came through that enabled me to make the trip. I figured on flying from Taiku to Kwang Ju where there is frequent air service, but because of rain the flights had been cancelled for some days. Rains finally came after a long drought, saving the crops; in fact, we've had what might be called a rainy season these last two weeks. Anyway, because of the absence of air travel I took the EUSAK Flyer,--the Army Busan-to-Seoul Express from Taiku to Te Jun (Taidon), and from there to Non San enjoyed real rural rail travel on a freight train to which a G.I. car had been attached. The Flyer provided an old Japanese first class Pullman car, no less, with individual plush seats, and also a roast ham dinner in the diner. Such luxury in war time indicates the excellent service the army can offer under difficulties. The engine was Diesel from America that clipped right along. But from Te Jun on it was another story. Time seemed to be of no consideration from the number of stops we made, and the delays at each stop. I recognized the valley down which we had travelled as a Mission in trucks, jeeps, and trailers two years ago when we evacuated from Te Chun Beach at word that the Reds were coming. The first stop the train made was at West Te Jun where the Mission group spent the first night, at least where we planned to spend it until roused up at midnight to continue the trek to Pusan.

About five in the evening we reached Non San in the rain. Mud everywhere. G.I.s were at the station and I was fortunate in getting a ride to the camp, almost seven miles away. The colonel gave me a cordial welcome and after chow I got right out to my old friends, the POWs. The first man I met was Im Han Sang Moksa, the pastor POW with whom I've had such a precious fellowship these years. He looks well, in fact seemed as spry and young as ever, and as the other Christians gathered around and realized it was Wednesday, they suggested we begin Prayer Meeting at once, and asked me to give the address. About three hundred were present. Afterward we talked a while but it couldn't be long for I had to be out of the compound before dark. The colonel expressed his regret that he didn't have a cot in the officers' billet for me, but he need not have felt badly about it, for I enjoyed much more the privacy of the empty chapel where I had everything to myself.

More rain that night and the next morning, and after breakfast I was off in the mud to the other compound. The rain precluded a meeting out-of-doors, so we just chatted and prayed together in a tent and discussed their need of notebooks, pencils, reading materials and other supplies. I shall order these from Japan. Since the train for Kwang Ju was scheduled to leave at ten, I took off shortly after nine; but I need not have hurried for it was eleven by the time we left.

This was an exciting trip, for between Non San and Kwang Ju are the mountains where the Reds are hiding who are keeping the area in turmoil. In late June they held up this train and killed 83 people, and a week ago attempted a hold-up but were driven off. By way of precaution we had an open freight car (gondola) in front of the locomotive with armed Korean troops in it, G.I.s in the baggage cars with machine guns in position, and Korean National Police were every fifty feet at the top of the passes. As the train climbed the highest pass the age and condition of the equipment was reflected in the effort required to make the grade. Soon we slowed down to an exhausted stop, and after backing down a bit got going again until quite far up the mountain when once more the incline was too steep for us and we had to once more back down to a level area where we could gather a little momentum for the climb which we were then able to make. It took six hours to cover the eighty miles between Non San and Kwang Ju. Some trip! Fortunately the colonel himself happened to be at the station and I rode with him to the camp, five miles out in the country. Mud and more mud. So much mud they had to stop entirely the construction of the new compounds which will house 500 men, instead of the present set-up with 5,000 capacity compounds.

H. Voelkel

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As in Non San I was able to visit one compound in the evening and one the next morning. It was a special joy to meet these fellows, for they were from the compound on Kojedo where we had the daily daybreak prayer meeting regularly attended by thousands. The warmth and preciousness of the Christian fellowship delighted my heart. They were interested, naturally, in hearing the details of the release of the 25,000 POWs from here, confident that God in His good time and Providence would return them to their homes.

In the morning they insisted that I speak to the 300 Bible Institute students who were assembled and whom I addressed through an amplifier that Bruce Cumming secured for them. He is the chaplain to the POWs in both the Non San and Kwang Ju Camps. I spent the night in Kwang Ju in the Southern Presbyterian Compound, a real pleasure after the noise and rowdiness of the usual military outfit. Herb Coddington and Mrs. Bruce Cumming were my host and hostess, and I got some items from them of their Mission. The Lintons are returning, sailing from San Francisco in September. Three new young couples are arriving within a month to live in Japan and attend the Korean Language School, which is being organized in Tokyo. Among the newcomers are Mr. and Mrs. Brown (Maria Hopper) and their three children. The following is real news: in order to provide living quarters for these three new couples and for his wife who recently arrived, Pete Mitchell was sent from Kwang Ju to Tokyo to find FOUR houses to rent. Phew! Anybody who has attempted to find one house in Tokyo these days will know what a terrific job it is. Last winter Otto McCamp spent months getting a place, and had to buy it, - and Pete is to find four!

In Passing through Taikū I heard that a number of new couples are being sent out to our Mission. I'll try to have their names for you in the next letter. They will be able to make good progress in the language in Japan, and by the time they get a start let us hope and pray that peace will have come to Korea. The Southern Presbyterians have decided that one way to get around the divided-family problem is to send single men to Korea, and soon the Rev. John Scott Brown, a single man, is arriving to join Boyer in Soon Chun. Let's see how long it takes the lightning of romance to strike the single man.

Here's more news. At last Florence Root has agreed to go on furlough. The doctors finally told her she would be risking her health to stay on any longer. What dedication she has shown sticking it out these years beyond the usual term period! Boyer is staying on an extra year, too. He was reported demolishing a Kusan Mission house, loading it on a freight car and transporting it to Te Jun to build a Bible Institute. I suppose he got his training in this type of work in the Practical Theology course in Seminary! It would have required from 11:00 in the morning until 3:30 the next morning for me to have returned to Taikū from Kwang Ju by train. Instead, I got a ride in a new "L 5", a two-seater plane, that took off from Kwang Ju at 11:00 and landed me at Taikū at 12:00, just in time for lunch. We flew over Chidi San which was peeking through the clouds. In Taikū a fellow who spied my car came running and introduced himself as a released POW Christian, and in ten minutes brought another "alumnus". A letter came today from a released man telling about his return home, and of leading his brother and his brother's family to Christ.

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 301, 7 P.M., San Francisco  
September 8, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Vacations are over and the husbands of the Mission have returned from Japan, and some of them are fortunate enough to be able to bring their wives with them. At Breakfast the other day in Taiku we had at the table Fran and Dorothy Kinsler, Bill and Lorene Lyon, Edna Lawrence, Ned Adams, John Underwood, Otto DeCamp, Bob Rice and myself. Bob Pierce and Elmer Kilbourne were also expected but didn't arrive. It was close quarters. You see how the ranks are swelling. And soon newcomers, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilson, are scheduled to arrive in Japan and remain there to continue their language study. This past year they've been working on Korean at Yale. Marion Hartness has the responsibility of the Korean Language School in Tokyo. Gertrude just wrote that she has been asked to teach Korean hymns. Mary Hill has received permission to come and will arrive to join Harry for a few weeks before they sail for America on furlough on a ship from Pusan. Gerda Bergman and Minnie Davie are to be here soon, we hear. Gerda is planning to stay with a Korean Bible woman not far from the Taiku compound and take her meals in a Mission house. We have just the two houses there out of the seven for our use, - Miss Switzers and the Bruens. It is a crowded situation, to say the least, but of course a happy one, for it is now two years and more since the Red attack and all have been anxiously awaiting the day of return and reunion. Those of us with children on the field will have to wait, for the likelihood of families being permitted to come is remote with a war on. I might mention here that I am now beginning my third year in this Army job, one that was expected to last six months..."home by Christmas". It represents for us as a family the fifth year of separation out of the last seven.

I had been in Pusan and met among others Henry Appenzeller, just returned from America. Ruth came with him and is at present in Tokyo but will join Henry soon, I imagine. As evidence of the passing of time the Koreaites will be interested to know that Harry Hill celebrated his "whan kap" last week, 61 years old. The members of the PyongYang Church in Pusan gave him a big time and the gifts included a suit of "han pok", Korean clothes. There was a feast with high praise and hearty congratulations. Piles of cakes and candy remaining from the party were sent to the house. Our Presbyterian house, formerly a Japanese residence, will be crowded during the next few weeks, for Ned and Sue Adams, Harry and Mary Hill, Otto DeCamp, and Tom Harnish will all be there, besides guests like myself who keep dropping in. Meredith Haynes of the Oriental Missionary Society, newly arrived, comes over for meals. While I was in Pusan a letter came to the Adamses which Sue shared with us giving details of the wedding of their son Dick to a Baltimore pastor's daughter.

For some time now the Pusan house has been so constantly crowded all day long with callers waiting to see members of the Mission, it was obvious some separate headquarters would have to be established. Months ago the Methodists bought a second property in Pusan. A week or so ago Ned purchased a two storey former Japanese store, directly across the street from the Kwang Pok Church, a fine location, and renovations are being made. It will provide office space for Ned and for the Treasurer, Tom Harnish, and both office space and living quarters for the secretary Marion Shaw. By way of "house warming" Ned had a pair of shoes stolen from the new place. I hadn't been in Pusan for months, and after an absence of that length I got the impression the city was more crowded and needier than ever. Actually I don't suppose it is any different from the rest of the country, but the concentration of population seemed to stress the awful poverty of the people. So many are dreadfully thin, actually emaciated, and the rising inflation and the approach of Fall and winter make the prospects increasingly serious.

Ruben Torrey is greatly encouraged by the response to and development of the Amputee Program. Sue gave us some details of a conference the team had with the Army I Corps authorities. They have decided to get behind things in a big way and the present budget calls for \$100,000.00 (that's dollars), and the probability is that it will amount to more. The officers were immensely pleased with the whole set-up and have issued a poster with pictures of two Korean boys with arms and legs missing, blown off by exploding bombs and mines. The poster reads:- "Arms and legs for Korean Kids - \$100,000.00 - GIVE THEM A HAND. I Corps Korean Children's Amputee Fund".

Recently pastors from the North have been able to get through the lines, two from PyengYang and two from Chair Yung. What interesting, although sad, news they bring! One from PyengYang reports that our nig compound theré is entirely destroyed, aside from the Seminary adminstration building, used by the reads as a courthouse, and the College science building. Young men may be seen on the streets now, he says, and the explanation is that the North Korean army does not have food or clothing sufficient to take in any more recruits. This is different from the news we get of the big Red build-up from the American news services. The churches in PyengYang have been bombed and only the walls remain. He mentioned particularly the historic Central Church and the large West Gate church, with only walls standing. In the country the Communists have taken over all the churches for use as offices. The west church in Chair Yung, near the compound, has been destroyed. Two of the pastors in the group that left the North together lost their lives enroute. The amazing thing is that some men have been able to get through with their families. What risks people will take to get away from Communism!

We are encouraged by the response among the newly arrived POWs here. The other day the Lt.Colonel in charge of Operations called me for what I thought might turn out to be a reprimand of one kind or another. His complaint was that a rule had been violated by the Christians in one compound. They had persisted in singing too vigorously at their daybreak prayers at 4 a.m. The regulations permit no "noise" (which includes hymns, by army interpretation) until 6:00. Well, I was certainly sorry that my brethren had violated a camp rule, but I praise God for their faith that gets them up at 4:00 daily to sing praises to their Saviour.

Last week we had another fine meeting out in the country. The Christians had put up posters around the town announcing our visit. We met in one of the most beautiful school grounds I've seen in Korea, large, with huge shade trees bordering it. The stand used by the athletic instructor became the platform. We hung the big Coleman light on a branch of a tree and the accoustics were remarkably good. The attendance was estimated to be 600. The helper is an enthusiastic fellow, a student in the Taiku Seminary, and the congregation is prospering under his fine leadership. One of the officers of the church is a fellow I met on my first country trip with Mr. Crothers in Andong territory in 1930. He was just a youth then, but now after 22 years is married and the father of seven daughters. "No sons", he added, which is a calamity in the Orient, but I reminded him that at least the number seven was the perfect number. He came to see me several days ago to invite me out, and when I learned that his aged mother was still living, decided to take her a gift. She had been kind to me over the years as I itinerated their little country church. I asked the Korean pastor who works with me in the Camp here to open some relief parcels Claire Bruen had sent and pick out some things for the granny. He got together what he thought would be an acceptable package and brought it to me for my approval. I found he had chosen a baby blanket, a wash cloth, a pair of ultra-fashionable flapper's shoes, a pair of bifocals, and a set of false teeth.

Cordially,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 H.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.I.O. 301, 3 P.M., San Francisco  
September 24, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Back after a trip to Seoul, my first visit there in TWO years. You may remember that at that time I was attached to the Seventh Division that engaged in battle for the city and got into the capitol a few days after it fell. I returned from time to time but in a few weeks travelled to PyengYang, then over to Ham Heung, from there to Pusan, Kojedo, etc. Since then Seoul has changed hands twice, the Americans were driven out by the Chinese and we captured it back from them.

How good it was to get back! Not much rebuilding has been done but the streets are completely cleared of all rubbish, the street cars are operating and are not very crowded, and the people look well cared for. After an absence of two years the extent of the damage impressed me greatly. I don't have any figures, but my guess is a tremendous rebuilding program will have to be undertaken before the city will be able to support anything like its former population. As yet the Koreans are not permitted to return.

The circumstances of my visit are as follows: Monday night at 9:00 the phone rang in my tent here at Yung Chun, and Fran Kinsler was on the other end telling me that Bob Pierce had phoned from Seoul asking Harry Hill and me to come up in time for a broadcast to America Tuesday night. Well, that was something, for as you know in the Army an individual does not just pick up and take off. He must first secure orders to leave the post, to travel, etc. It was too late then to do anything and the train for Seoul would leave from Taiku (a full hour away) at 10:40 the next morning. Fortunately everything clicked, permission was granted, orders cut, and I sailed off of Yung Chun into a beautiful morning for what I knew would be an enjoyable as well as refreshing journey. We're on the job here seven days a week, and a change in scenery is very restful. I met Harry in Taiku and together we boarded the EUSAK Flyer with its plush seats (formerly a Japanese first class coach) At lunch there was cold roast beef, sliced cheese, a salad, rolls, tea, cookies, and oranges, served in the diner. Only two stops - Taiku, and ToJun - and the ride just after days of heavy rain was delightful, the washed grain sparkled in the bright sun. A little north of Taiku the destruction indicated how far down the Reds had reached in the summer of 1950, and as we neared Seoul the enormous build-up in war installations and equipment showed how big our stake is in Korea.

At 6:40 we were in Seoul, right on time. No one was on hand to meet us, but by phone to the Far Correspondents Office (Pierce's headquarters) we were promised a jeep which soon appeared and took us to a delicious steak dinner with the big wheel reporters, the scribes of NEW YORK TIMES, LIFE, TIME, etc. Pierce returned from a trip to the front before we were through and shared with us his experiences of the day in bunkers with the Marines whose tough fight with Chinese Reds you are doubtless reading about in the papers. The big news for Harry and me was that we were to broadcast from Seoul, via Tokyo, to the Mutual hook-up, the HAVEN of REST program of 42 stations, at 12:45 that night, which would be 8:30 the next morning in San Francisco. Pierce attended to the mechanical arrangements and from 9:00 on the three of us went into a huddle about our questions and answers. Pierce was to interview us, Harry about Korean Church affairs in general, and me about the POW ministry. Time rushed by surprisingly fast and a little before the deadline Pierce was talking back and forth to San Francisco asking about the reception there, etc. and then we heard the program begin there and the announcement that we were coming on. Wowie, both Harry and I were on our good behavior since we're not too practised in broadcasting, but with Bob's thunderous and confident voice to lead off we more or less were carried along in his wake. Everything seemed to go well so far as we could determine, and afterward word came from the States that the reception was particularly clear. They gave it a 4 plus rating, and 3 is considered very good. Then we made a second "dry run" recording to Tokyo which will be held for future reference. We all commented on the lessened tension when making the second broadcast than with the first "live" program. The consciousness of having 42 stations listening in is rather overwhelming to neophytes.

It was 2:30 a.m. before we were ready for bed, -cots in the Correspondents Billet. Poor Harry was due to board the 7:10 train the next morning for Chung Ju to meet Mary who is in Korea for a few weeks before they leave on furlough. He set his alarm for 5:30 - only three hours sleep. How comforting it was for me to be able to turn over when Harry's alarm sounded, -"Good bye, Harry!" That morning I accompanied Bob to Yung Nak orphanage (Pastor Han Kyung Jik's of Bethany Church) for pictures. Careful photographed that he is, he requires precision so that my job of attracting the kids' attention consumed considerable time and energy. From there we dashed to the airport where Pierce took off for Tokyo and Formosa. While there I got my first look at the new three-decker transport planes with a capacity of over 300 men. Immense!

When in Seoul before I had only one camera with black and white films, but on this trip I decided to use color film for shots of the destruction. With ideal weather I started to Severance, getting interesting snaps en route, - a woman cop directing traffic, among others, and outside teh Douglas Avison house I saw a trunk with Thelma now written on it, a new Methodist nurse who lived next to us in Berkeley on our last furlough. Miss Piper, another new Methodist nurse, was also there, and having just arrived in Seoul they took kindly to the suggestion that we all drive out to Chosen Christian University and Yaha University. I had to take a picture of the wreckage of the Underwood home, for it presents strikingly the destruction that has come to Korea.

But I must hurry on. I had promised to speak that night at Yung Nak's prayer - meeting (Bethany Church) but as the hour approached I wished I hadn't for I was completely tuckered out. Moreover I had to walk to the church from Adams' house on the Yung Dong compound to which I had moved. Once I reached the meeting, however, and saw the people I was glad I had come, and their response to my remarks made me grateful for the fellowship. I referred to the POW work, among other things, and afterward an old woman came up saying, "Thank you, thank you". "Why?" "My grandson has been released from the POW camp where he graduated in the New Testament Bible Correspondence Course and is soon to finish the Old Testament Course." Then a young fellow came forward, "Do you remember me?" and another, "Don't you remember me from XX POW camp?" A number of men (it was a good congregation) reminded me that we had met in PyengYang in October 1950, and the assistant pastor (the pastor was in Taiku) told me that in their congregation are more than 60 young men who fled from the North at the time of the Chinese attack, leaving their families behind them. Think of that! From time to time I feel sorry for myself for having to be away from my family, but the thought of these men leaving their wives and children to the whims of brutal Reds stills my unrest.

I tried to hurry away from the meeting but they would not listen to my protests against their hiring a taxi for me, for I know how little they have. They actually kept running after me with a taxi they had flagged following. Finally I yielded and was really grateful for the ride after the strenuous day. I had the whole Adams house to myself and selected the room John Underwood occupies on his visits to Seoul, and also used his sleeping bag. He unwisely had left a can of chocolate milk on the table that tasted delicious at that hour.

The next day I took more pictures morning and afternoon, - Christian Literature Society building, the Bible Society building, Y.M.C.A., Pierson Memorial Bible Institute, Morris Hall, East Gate, Duk Soo and Chong Dark Palaces. The houses of our Yun Dong compound are all occupied by colonels. Now listen, -its incredible but true, -the luxurious mess of these colonels, the swankiest mess in Seoul, is in our garage! A kitchen has been added on the west end, colorful curtains put up, fashionable furniture, spotless linen, shiny silverware, huge jumbo electric fans create plenty of "atmosphere". What a flight of imagination that that greasy and at times dirty garage should become a senior officers' mess!

Most cordially,

Harold Voelkel.



PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 234, 5 P.M. San Francisco  
October 2, 1952

Dear Everybody,

All former Koreaites will recall the significance of today here, the 8th month and 15th day of the Lunar Calendar,-- Choo Suk in Korean, the Fall Festival when the first to see the full moon in the evening is assured of prosperity during the coming year. It is the evening when whole communities light fires on the hill tops. Tomorrow the heathen will offer ancestral sacrifices and then spend the day in fun and frolic. Here in the county-seat athletic contests will be staged, high-lighted with a wrestling match and tournament for the whole county, the winner of which in former days used to get a bull as a prize. Whether the economy will permit such a reward this year remains to be seen.

Speaking of economy reminds me of some conversation in Taiku yesterday. Fran Kinsler was saying that servants' wages are now the equivalent of \$40.00 a month, whereas in the old days \$10.00 enabled them to get along comfortably. Even with the high exchange rate we were getting, the quadrupled wage rate doesn't result in any benefit to the Koreans, due to the terrific inflation. It seems that no one in the Taiku household was paying too close attention to the details of the finances, (more important things to be done) and a recent settlement disclosed quite a "deficit". Until recently all on the compound and all visitors ate in the one house, and Fran in telling about the deficit added wryly, "Missionaries don't know how to live a 'communist' life". Communal life involves too careful, time-consuming accounting, in other words. And let me point out that it takes a lot, too, just "living". On my recent visit to Seoul, Mr. L.A. Anderson mentioned, incidentally, that it took him 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> to 4 hours a day to eat. He's living on the Chung Dong Methodist compound and drives to the Douglas Avison house on Severance for three meals daily with the others of the Seoul missionary group. The trip, waiting for all to gather and the few extra minutes required for a larger group to finally break up, makes eating a considerable time element.

But let me tell you what buying the food means in terms of time and effort. I got in on part of a deal a few weeks ago in Pusan. First the household gathers to decide what they think they ought to lay in as to supplies. Remember, it was "men only" until very recently in these houses. That list is taken to the Army warehouse where the sergeant, who may or may not be around or who may or may not have other long lists waiting, compares the desired list with what he has in stock. Then a corrected list is typed in duplicate or triplicate, the prices figured, after which a check is secured from the Bank of Korea for the amount payable to the Treasurer of the United States. Then the check has been taken to the Finance Office and the receipt obtained then the purchaser is ready to once more return to the Commissary for the goods. Believe it or not, this process on occasion takes two days! And the Missions are mighty grateful for the privileges of purchasing these logistics.

We've just had a visit from the Chief of Chaplains from Washington, Major-General Ivan L. Bennett, who used to be in Tokyo Far Eastern Command as Chaplain and who is responsible for this D4C Chaplaincy under which I operate. It was good to see him and a dinner was arranged for the chaplains in this area at the senior officers' mess in Taiku. Bennett made a most moving address setting forth the need of more chaplains citing the fact that with the new large armed forces plans, Army, Navy, and Air Force a million American men, young men, will be entering and leaving the services a year. And if the present military situation continues, as all prospects indicate, chaplains will have the spiritual responsibility of a large part of the youth of the land, a responsibility that will ultimately involve the manhood of America. I had not thought of it that way, although I certainly realize the need for the best chaplains the Church has. And I want to add this that I tremble to think what Army life will do for America's boys, seeing as I do before me constantly the temptation to liquor and licentiousness. The immorality in Korea, both among officers and men, is a terrific problem to the authorities.

Our hopes here in the POW Camp were brightened recently by the announcement of the new proposals submitted by the UN delegates at Pangmunchum. It was a three-fold affair which ordinarily, I believe, would be considered worthy of the Red's acceptance. But it didn't take them long to reject it, and General Harrison, fine Christian man, told them to take ten days out and think it over. Anyway, it was decided to let the POWs here know of the proposal and the colonel asked me to read it off in Korean after he had read it in English. In essence, it was that the POWs be taken to a neutral demilitarized zone, be allowed to declare their preferences there whether to return to the Reds or to remain in South Korea, and then be released immediately to the place of their choice. We were all interested in seeing what the reaction would be. To our surprise there was little feeling indicated either one way or the other. For one thing the language was technical, but even afterward we couldn't get a rise out of them. I finally went to a Christian compound and asked them what they thought of it. The leader replied, "Well, if we are released we'll remain in South Korea but our families are in North Korea. Since we'll not be able to see them and since we have our Bible Institute organized here now, we figure it would be just as well to stay on here". Now what about that? They evaluate Bible study quite highly, don't you think?

This coming Sunday is World Wide Communion Sunday and we are busy with catechumen and baptism examinations. We'll have to hold the meetings outdoors and we're hoping for mild weather. This Fall has been unseasonably cold, really cold, too much so for comfort. We haven't stoves in the tent yet and at 9:00 in the evening the wise thing to do is to get into the "sack" to keep warm. At midday, however, the sun is warm and bright. About 11:00 this morning I passed two kids in their birthday suits playing in a stream, oblivious to any notion of cold.

I think I've written that my tent-mate is a priest, a Catholic Chaplain, and in a discussion the other day we got to the organization of the Maryknoll Mission, the foreign mission agency of the American Catholic Church. I was surprised that it wasn't organized until 1911. Before that any American priests or sisters who wished to work abroad did so through the older European organizations, Paris Missionary Society, etc. But the number of American Catholic missionaries was negligible. The Maryknollers organized in 1911 and by the time they got their schools and seminaries going and their first graduates ready for the field, it was 1918. Starting with a few in that year they now have a total in 1952 of 614 men, priests, bishops, brothers, etc. and 1,068 nuns on the field. That isn't many for the whole Catholic Church in America, but they are coming right along with 685 students in preparation for the regions beyond. Their literature is tops, too, magazines in color with expert photography, but it is amusing to see the large emphasis given to Mexico, Central and South America as mission fields, to a group that have controlled the religious life of those areas absolutely for 400 years. Tragically enough, the people there know nothing of the living Christ. Some of these days I may get an inspiration to write a whole letter on Catholic priests out of the experiences of these years at close range with them, their lives, conversation, objectives, prayer and study habits, and accomplishments. This will all be included in the original price of admission!

Pete Van Lierop in Andong is hoping and praying that good fortune will strike his area. The Ford Foundation has decided to construct a "model" town somewhere in Korea,--the whole works, modern sewage, housing, schools, everything, and since Andong was nearly totally destroyed Pete is hoping he can get it favorably considered for the project. We all do, too. Think of a modern, model Andong! Things are happening out here, are they not?

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Monday Evening, October 6, 1952

Dearest Everybody,

No, I better change that for that's the way the Dear Everybody started and I want this to be the starter of our Family correspondence, so I'll say,

Dearest Family, Mother, Sally, Jack, Ted, and Haba,

The immediate inspiration for this is Jack's four page (eight sides), hand-written letter telling of his arrival in New York, the reception, seeing his sister and the others, and then the get-away to Wheaton with Jim Malcom and the first days at college. Kid, I am most grateful for your detailed and most interesting account of things. It is a joy to see you so appreciative of what Mother and I have been able to do for you, and we praise God for all the world trip has meant to you and for all, we are sure, Wheaton will mean to you. God has been so good to us in the past we must trust and please Him as a family as we look forward to the future. Let me add that Mother has just sent me four pages more of Jack's travel letter. This installment ends travelling down the Rhine (and how well I remember our sail down the historic river). Let me make this suggestion here. As grateful as I am to you Jack for this wonderful letter I'd suggest that from now on you conserve your time by typing your letters in triplicate, one for Mother, one for Sally and one for me. In that way the whole family can be in on the activity and it will keep us together. Incidentally, I'll be sending this letter of Jack's right on to Mother so she can enjoy it.

I was particularly interested in your reaction, Jack, to America after these years of absence and let me say that after each term of service on the field it took a little while to get adjusted to the tempo of the U.S. What a privilege it is to be an American and yet I can truthfully say I enjoy living in the Orient, especially in Korea. Were it not for being able to see dear Skooks after all these years and Jack now, I don't believe I'd plan a trip to America with any great rush. Having you two there though makes it altogether different. I am going to take the liberty here of quoting Jack in reference to his sister. He says, "To say I'm burstingly proud of her would not adequately express my thoughts. All I can say is, whoever wins her, wins a 'pearl of great prize'". There it is Skooks, & its all yours.

How very nice this was and is to have Jim Malcom escort Jack by air right from New York to Wheaton. My, but I'm grateful for that. How different the opening day was with a kind and thoughtful individual to show you around. But it is just another of the inevitable accompaniments of a truly Christian atmosphere. As for the schedule it is a most unusual one, I'd say. Does Political Science take the place of the usual history course. Writing is English, of course, but the lack of any language seems incredible. It looks like a soft course but in a month or two Jack may decide that he's being pushed around. Yes, please take piano on the side if necessary. Get in regular practice, Jack, please see to that, and rent a piano in one of the practice rooms. I'll cheerfully take care of the expense. The hit and miss arrangement of practicing in the dorm is some one else is not there is too uncertain.

Now concerning expenses, that is the amount of a personal allowance, I don't feel I can decide here what it should be. Mother and I trust your judgment and by asking around you can reach a conclusion from what the other fellows spend. We haven't got a nickle to throw away but we want you to be able to participate in the normal social round there. We recognize prices are high and we know you will be careful. I really haven't any idea at all what figure to suggest. And that leads me to say about working, that I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry about that, especially about jobs that take a lot of time and pay a minimum wage, ~~soe~~ job that gets you up early in the morning, spoiling your sleep, or keeps you at night when you need the time for your books. Forget about work for this term and for this year until you get into your stride and then be ready in view of your observations of the desirable jobs to pick up something really good next year. Your mention of John Ryan as your roommate made we wonder if you were going to add that his-father is with the Air Force in Korea. A Lt. Col. Ryan, a fine outstanding Christian, is stationed in Taiku and lives in the senior officers billet ~~KX~~ which happens to be our Bible Institute. I know him. He is Ridgely Ryan.

My sister Carrie came through with a letter today in which she told of receiving and enjoying Jack's travelogue and of sending it on to Bill at Union Seminary in New York. I send them to Elmer in Fort Wayne and he sends them to Carrie in May's Landing, New Jersey.

In speaking about finances I failed to mention the accounting to the Board. I'd suggest you ask Art for a copy of his report. See what it cost him and loss to travel from Japan to Wheaton for the Board will doubtless allow you a similar amount. And since they travelled on the CLEVELAND an expensive boat (they're all expensive now), \$500.00 I think, and that together with fare and meals across (half across) the U.S. ought to bring it up another hundred or hundred and fifty, ~~XXX~~ All told you will likely get about half of what the trip cost you from the Board which I am sure Mother will join me in putting to your account. Don't wait too long to get your account into the Board. Did Jim Phillips give you a blank to submit? Or perhaps in your case the thing to do would be to request an out and out allowance. If you are in doubt, write to Dr. John Smith about it, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The ROTC is good as long as it doesn't funnel you into the army. I was under the impression that the course automatically made you a Reservist. And once you're one of them its difficult to get out. Numbers of the officers are in the army because they were Reservists and there was nothing to do but answer the summons. What ROTC is it, Infantry? Cavalry, Artillery? Signal Corps?

There you are, family. This is occupied pretty much with Jack. Come on Sally, let's hear from you. And I want to congratulate Ted, awfully late though I be in swimming to the island at Nojiri. Kid that was great. You're coming right along. Dearest love to you all.

J-5



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 H.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 234, 7 P.M. San Francisco  
October 13, 1952

Dear Everybody,

As we did last year, we celebrated World Wide Communion Sunday in our POW churches again this year, and I am sure it will linger in my memory as one of the happiest days of my life. It made me more grateful than ever for the privilege of this unusual ministry. The weather has been unseasonably chilly this Fall, really cold, but Communion Sunday broke clear and bright and moderate, actually balmy, a token to us of God's delight in it. The size of our congregations make it necessary to meet outdoors, and a cold day with a strong wind blowing up a thick dust would have detracted greatly from the beauty of the fellowship.

The first service was held in #2 Enclosure where we have the smaller congregation of 800. We planned to meet at 9:00 but felt we ought to get the preparations under way by 8:30. When we arrived the leaders had already beaten us to it, arranged a table, chairs, and two brightly-colored wreaths of paper flowers on easels inscribed with THE HOLY LAST SUPPER in English, and CONGRATULATIONS COMMUNION SERVICE in Korean. How thoughtful and devoted they are! It took us some time to work out details for seating the catechumens and candidates for baptism in order that they might respond easily to their names when called. The choir had prepared a special anthem, and a trempeteer filled the air with the music of the Cross. I preached on the passage of the institution of the Supper, I Cor. 11:23-28, stressing the fact that it was the Lord's Table, contrasting the Roman Catholic view of transubstantiation and the Reformed view of the spiritual presence in the elements, reminding them of the two-fold "showing" of the Lord's death (His grace) and His return (His glory), and appealing to them to search their hearts with a view to repentance and confession before they partook of the bread and cup.

After a Communion service in a POW Camp I am always reminded of an account I once read of an early medieval missionary to the Saxons, who after a whole day of baptisms was dripping with sweat and exhausted physically. We use the "tincture method" of serving the communion, dipping the bread in the "wine", and after stooping down to the hundreds seated on the ground, up and down row after row, one is conscious of real fatigue. But it is a weariness that brings joy and gratitude with it. We adjourned at 11:30, a service of nearly three hours. At the afternoon meeting which began at 3:30, 1,200 were present, and it continued likewise for three hours. The order of worship was the same and I repeated the sermon of the morning. God was with us. We could feel His presence, and as the darkness of the early Fall night fell, my heart glowed with thanksgiving for the day. A total of 150 were baptized and 260 established as catechumens, and the particular significance of these figures is that these men received the Lord Jesus as Saviour in the POW camps. Similar numbers were received into the church at the other camps, also. This is the fruitage of the evangelistic meetings in the first days of this ministry two full years ago.

I planned to rest on Monday but the colonel asked me to interpret citations for four Koreans, two officers and two enlisted men, who had captured five escapees without wounding them. What a contrast to Sunday's activities! On Tuesday I left for Pusan and Masan camps. The POWs in Masan are all to be released by the end of this month and I wanted to have a last word with them before they got away. We had a farewell meeting in each of the two churches and I accidentally got the following details from one of the leaders which I had not known before. Someone referring to him remarked about his not being married, a strange situation since he was 32 years old. When the "whys" and "wherefores" had been discussed this fact emerged: he had been a Buddhist priest for ten years and they are all celibates. After his capture and internment in a POW camp he heard the Gospel and decided to believe. He was successively established a catechumen, baptized, enrolled as a student in the Bible Institute, graduated from both the Old Testament and New Testament Correspondence Courses, and made the leader of his compound church. Now upon his release he is planning to enter seminary and prepare for the Gospel ministry. Praise God! I repeat it was just by accident after all this time that I happened to learn of the man's having been a Buddhist priest. I'm wondering what other interesting experiences we'll be hearing about from the men.

That congregation regretted that they hadn't known I was coming, for they are preparing a photographic history of the compound church. The Korean pastor working there, who has continued with them since they were on Kojedo, has a Brownie camera and is getting a beautiful album of pictures. I noted some figures in the record: When the compound was first built there were 5 baptized members, 10 catechumens, and 10 inquirers, - a total of 25 in the congregation. Now the church numbers 710. God has been at work, has He not?

I stayed in the Mission House in Pusan and delighted among other things in finding that the dollar exchange at a reasonable rate is once more approved: 22,000 won for a dollar. I got ten million won and that amount in thousand won bills amounts to a coolie's load. Dr. Bob Jones, founder and president of the college that bears his name, flew in for a visit and Sue Adams invited him to lunch. I had heard the well-known evangelist preach a few times but had never met him. He is now 69, has known all the great evangelists of the last fifty years, (he was licensed to preach at 15), and in his charmin' Southern drawl entertained us with details of personal experiences from his long and large ministry. In connection with the college, he remarked that he keeps "pourin' on" evangelism without any fear of the students becoming fanatical for at the same time they are required to take Greek and that keeps them balanced! I might add that even though Dr. Bob came to Korea to study missions and had a total of some 75 years of missionary service around the table to draw from, he did all the talkin' which was agreeable enough to us for he certainly is a fascinating conversationalist.

A guest at our Pusan House was a representative of The Evangelical Alliance Mission (TEAM), formerly the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, now the largest mission by far in Japan, all new people with a few exceptions since the war. Some members of the mission feel the crisis in Korea is a call for them to begin work here and they sent Tom Watson, their radio man, and send two others to "survey" the field. TEAM does things in a big way and the likelihood is that if they get started they'll have a large group here. Ned Adams, Otto McCamp, and I talked until late one night with Watson trying to give him the picture in Korea. The only qualms I have is that they may ultimately become divisive and controversial in view of the action numbers of their mission supported this summer at Haruizawa in refusing a conference of the older, denominational missions the use of the community church building there. However, the door to Korea is the Lord's to open or to close and the church His to preserve and prosper, and we leave the decision for reinforcements with Him.

Ruben Torrey arrived in Pusan from Seoul with inspiring accounts of the amputee work. He had come across a young fellow who had ingeniously made a leg out of old tin roofing and a big rubber washer from a captured Russian tank! In both Pusan and Taiku this time I saw a surprisingly large number of insane women, a terribly depressing sight, which I suggest to you all as an item for prayer. There is no institution for them in all Korea, government or otherwise. They become unaware of the disarrangement of their clothing, mostly rags, and crude crowds gather to gawk and mock at their indecency.

Yesterday at church we awarded prizes to five for memorizing the whole book of Revelation. Each man recited a chapter. When I came to the last one I asked him which chapter he'd recite, and he replied, "Anyone". I turned to the congregation and asked them to request a chapter for him to recite. Someone called out, "Chapter 2" so he started right out, "To the angel of the church of Ephesus write..." and went on right through the entire chapter beautifully. Amazing, isn't it!

Most cordially,

Harold Voelkel.



Someone mentioned that the new Southern Presbyterian single man had arrived, and Fran suggested that since married couples can't get over to Korea and single people can, it would be a good Board policy to send out single people to the field and let them get married after they arrive. Pretty good plan, don't you think! As soon as the various Taiku Mission Institutions learned of the arrival of the two missionaries they began making appeals for their services. The newcomers are not going to be troubled with enforced idleness, that's sure!

No little excitement came to the Camp here a few days ago through the visit of General John Hodge, (four stars) who commanded the American invasion of Korea in 1945 that freed the land from the Japanese. He is well remembered by the Koreans, of course. He had three stars then; since his return to the States in '45 made another star and is now Commander of Field Forces. We don't get four-star generals in POW Camps very often so the place was gone over as with a fine-tooth comb. All the G.I's as well as officers (excepting the chaplains) turned out in bright yellow scarfs, the Military Police Color, and the whole place reflected a spick and span holiday mood. Hodge arrived in a special train, and after greeting our commanding officer proceeded to the compound. The chaplains were told to wait in front of the educational tent, and sure 'nuff the officer who was showing him around stopped and presented us to him. He was surprised to hear that we had congregations among the POWs, and I told him we would have the Christians sing for him if he wished. But he replied that he didn't think he had time. After he visited a compound and made a speech which I interpreted for him, I suggested to the Christians that they sing. They started up on ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS and did it well, but with Hodge busy inspecting the kitchen and living quarters of the prisoners, I doubt if he appreciated or even recognized the hymn. He rarely if ever attended Church services while in Korea before. Anyway, it did my soul good to hear the testimony of these brethren in song.

I am feeling particularly grateful these days for a pre-fabricated chapel-office-living quarters that has been erected for us chaplains, the Catholic priest and myself. Ours was just about the last building erected, and because the limited number of stoves permit only one to a building and it would naturally have to be installed in the chapel part of this one, we were unable to move into the living quarters in the back without heat. As it was we had no stove for the tent where we were living, hoping daily for a second stove for the chapel to turn up. What a bone-chilling experience that tent was! As it was we kept well and finally succeeded in scrounging a stove, and here we are now, warm as toast, in most comfortable and attractive quarters. This is my third winter in the army in Korea, and each year I've succeeded in being able to keep comfortable and warm.

Another transfer of prisoners from here is being arranged and we therefore caught up on Bible Correspondence Course examinations and had 235 graduates in the New Testament and 205 in the Old Testament, a total of 442. Prized were given to the graduates, beginning with inexpensive fountain pens and Korean-English dictionaries down to Korean notebooks and pencils, the latter a most modest prize, I'll have to admit. But the men are most grateful. As I left one compound after the distribution of the prizes, the graduates all lined up, sang a hymn, and presented me with a bouquet of paper flowers. They don't give forth much fragrance, but they certainly brighten up the hut.

Cordially,

Harold.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 234, % P.M. San Francisco, Calif.  
October 31, 1952

Dear Everybody,

It has certainly been a pleasure in these letters to give you the details of the joys and accomplishments of the POW ministry, and now that a great disappointment and sorrow has come to me in the work I feel in all honesty that I must tell you about it in order that you may have a full understanding of the variety of issues that arise here, and be able also to pray for us. I imagine the experience will carry its own spiritual lesson, for none of us is immune to Satan's wiles, and it is only God's goodness that keeps us from stumbling.

Here are the facts. As I've mentioned before the POWs receive a cigarette ration of ten a day. Since the Christians do not smoke I have urged them to refuse the tobacco and many of them have, but others have accepted it and sold it to unbelievers. Now the rules of the Camp forbid prisoners having money. For any who had cash on them when captured it is held for them at headquarters and purchases approved are made for them. However, since few of the POWs had a penny on them when taken, any cash they now possess represents illegal dealing. One of the biggest headaches the authorities have is to keep POWs from bartering clothing items,--shoes, blankets, etc., when outside on work detail. I think I mentioned months ago, perhaps more than a year ago now, that in a group of six or eight men it was once discovered that they had on them a total of fifty pairs of trousers. While at work when the guard wasn't looking they'd slip off a pair of pants for a passerby for a price and no one was the wiser. Then the prisoner bought liquor or dope to bring into the compound and the damage was done. When the International Red Cross inspector makes his rounds men who have sold pants, shirts, socks, blankets, complain that they are not being given necessary items and it is difficult for the administration to prove that they have, for anything that has disappeared has been due to inefficient guarding. If the clothes have been distributed, so the argument goes, where are they now? So our guards are warned to be on the lookout for bartering.

Some days ago Christians in three of the compounds with money received from cigarette sales urged the Korean pastor who has been working with me to buy them English-Korean dictionaries, and being unable to resist the pressure he yielded, bought five of them and as he entered the compound was discovered. I was called to the colonel's office for an explanation, which of course I was unable to give, and as a result my Korean chaplain friend and co-worker has been discharged from the chaplaincy after more than a year and a half of faithful, fruitful service. I am sick about it. He is a grand man, a refugee from Seoul who walked to Taiku with his family of six in the bitter cold of the winter of 1950 on a trek that took 19 days. The salary he received here has enabled him to get established again, but now with this discharge he will be without income and the sad circumstances will make it embarrassing in seeking a pastorate. What a lesson on the folly of sin this has been! How utterly foolish and short-sighted it is, and what loss and suffering it brings! Pray that the loss and shame involved will be blest to the man, and that his faith will be stronger and his witness more powerful because of it.

To add to my embarrassment, in a shake-down examination of a group of Christians being transferred to another camp yesterday, it was discovered that one hundred thousand won (\$5.00) had been hidden inside the organ!

The week has brought other, pleasant experiences, too. The Kinslers invited me to station dinner and meeting on Thursday night, and as I entered the house I saw the table decorated with smiling, illuminated jack-o-lanterns, persimmon branches and fruit and other Halloween symbols. Helen Henderson and Minnie Davie had just arrived from Japan, and together with Bill and Lorene Lyon, Taiku station is beginning to take on sizeable proportions. Minnie is looking forward to a return to Chung Ju, but for the present is becoming reacclimated to Korea in Taiku. There was much to catch up on in conversation for much has happened in the two years since these two, with the rest of us, evacuated to Japan.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
U.S.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 234, 3 P.M., San Francisco, Calif.  
November 15, 1952

Dear Mr. Body,

I've just come from a gathering that was not only meaningful and most enjoyable in itself, but immensely significant in all it revealed of dedicated service on the part of the missionaries in the years that have passed. A few weeks ago a pastor turned up whom I hadn't seen for years, whose experience is itself noteworthy, to tell me he had a pastorate nearby and to invite me to preach at a Sunday service sometime. Back in Andong days I had helped him through Seminary and after the war when I returned in 1946 I learned that he had left the ministry, was teaching school and not even attending church. I looked him up and pleaded with him to return to Christ, but without avail, and he continued in unbelief for years. Now he is back in the ministry, and how interesting it was that our paths should cross here.

Because of my busy schedule here on Sunday with the POWs, I couldn't respond to his invitation to a Sunday service, so he asked me to attend the ordination of an elder today, which I happily agreed to do. In discussing his return to the ministry he spoke of a number of sorrows he had had, among others the death of a son and grandson. While trying to comfort him, he replied that he was convinced that the sorrow and loss was the result of his sin, and now he wished to labor on faithfully for God.

The local Yung Chun pastor and two elders joined me in the fifty li (18 miles) drive to the ordination service, and as we approached the church the large crowd that had gathered called forth what I thought was a brutally frank remark, to the effect that the famine year in this area had brought many from nearby churches for the meal. A large dam built by the Japanese outside the town supplied water for the crops last summer when the grain everywhere else was burning up from lack of rain. Moreover, we heard later that the elder had been out hunting and had bagged four deer, - meat enough to provide generously for the many guests. In the mountains of that area are both deer and guerrillas, - either you get the deer or the guerrillas get you! The order of the service, as usual, was long, almost interminable. I was asked to lead in prayer after the first hymn and then followed the sermon, the questions, the laying on of hands, the messages to elder and congregation, congratulations and response, the presentation of gifts, etc. What impressed me was the life and the activity that had made the service possible. Four of the pastors were graduates of the old PyongYang Seminary; one was an alumnus of the Taiku Boys Academy; another got his preparation for Seminary at the Andong Bible Institute.

When the questions were read from the CONSTITUTION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, I tried to visualize the long hours of committee meetings of the Literature Society getting a volume like that translated, approved, published and distributed. Year and years of work, and now the effort was bearing fruit. The orderliness, dignity and beauty of the service stirred me. How thoroughly and well the founders had done their work, and how well pleased they would be to see the results of their labors! And may I add this here, that the new members of the Mission impress me as worthy successors one in purpose and objective with the founding fathers.

Then the feast! The tables were brought right into the church building, for only thus could all the guests be served. The meeting, scheduled to begin at 11:00, was slow in getting started, and now at adjournment it was nearly 2:00. I was starved and found the venison soup and steaming rice delicious. The table was laden with other delicacies but I concentrated on the soup and the rice. I had my camera along and got several shots of the elder and church groups that will make ideal souvenirs of the happy occasion.

I had a visit recently from the Korean Chief of Chaplains, Kim Hyung Do, and he gave me some statistics that will interest you. These are for the three armed services: army, navy, and air force. In the army 139, navy 21, air force 5 chaplains; Presbyterian 108, Methodist 22, Catholic 26, Holiness 8, Salvation Army 1. A total of 165.



Latest word is that Billy Graham is coming for ten days of meetings here, five in Pusan and Seoul. Ned and Sue Adams have separated. Sue's work is primarily for the amputees with headquarters in Seoul, and Ned holds forth in Pusan though he might be said to commute to Seoul once a week, or at least once every other week. Both Ned and Sue are heading for Japan next week for a conference with the new missionaries. Marion Hartness is heading up the Language School in Tokyo. I hear my wife is teaching hymns and prayer forms.

Many of you will recall Choi Pil Kun Moksa of PyengYang, former professor in the seminary. One of his sons, a Seminary student, disappeared during the war confusion and was later discovered to be a POW here. I contacted his father and arranged for him to conduct meetings in the Camp and thereby meet his son. You can imagine the drama of it, but the lack of emotional display surprised me, as it always does. No hug or handshake, just a subdued "hello" in front of everybody. But then later the animated conversation, and in this case the exciting details of the whereabouts of relatives and friends who had all fled as the Chinese approached in the winter of 1950.

Now get ready for a whopper. I've been driving a tank! Yes, nothing less than a 45 ton affair. Guiding it over these rice paddies without fear or even concern for the banks and ditches that mean nothing to the roaring monster. The ease of operation is amazing to anyone not familiar with the internal set-up of a tank. One simple hand lever and a foot peddle control the movements of the giant.

How generous G.I.s are! One who had returned from R & R (Rest and Recreation) on a five day trip to Japan, came to tell me of the good time he had had and how he had spent his money. Before entering the army he was a factory worker. Well, he spent \$400.00; \$150.00 of it went for a pearl necklace for his wife. He stayed at hotels at \$4.50 a night and took \$10.00 taxi trips around town, when rooms are made available by the army and busses for army personnel travel everywhere. Another purchase was a large plaster cast of Venus de Milo, that he decided would "look nice" on top of his television set at home.

Peter Van Lierop reports ten new Christian Middle Schools in the Andong territory. In most cases they were institutions the government couldn't make a success of, and now the local churches have taken them over determined to keep them going. Bible is taught four hours a week and chapel held daily. By what financial genius these institutions are being conducted at a time like this, especially in Andong Presbytery, which has been particularly hard hit economically, is baffling. The standards can't be too high, but that any instruction at all is being given in these troublous times, is all to the good. The Bible Clubs continue to progress all over the country, and here are a few figures: 7,000 children studying in Seoul area 1,000 in Chung Ju; 5,000 in Andong; 2,000 in Taiku; 1,500 in Pusan; 3,000 in Che Ju (Quelpart); 2,000 on Kije Do; 1,500 in Inchun. I attended a Bible Club Rally in Taiku, a huge group of youngsters with a happy Christian testimony.

The probability is that you'll all be seeing some movies of Christian work in Korea soon, for we've had a visit from a photographer under the auspices of the Protestant Film Commission. He was here at the POW Camp for some shots.

Sue Adams tells this on herself. She succeeded recently in buying some coal in Seoul and then confronted with the problem of transportation for her purchase, went to the army and was ultimately referred to a colored sargent. She started right from the beginning of the story giving him full details of the deal and of the need now for transporting it home, and when she finished the sargent asked, "Honey, all those words and all you needs is a truck?"

Cordially,

Harold.



Dr. Murray left her jeep to enter the bank. Her eyes fell on a Korean in plain soldier uniform standing near the curb listlessly slumped on his crutches. An empty pants leg fluttered in the wind. He wore no insignia, only the badge that corresponds to the American purple heart. She paused to tell him of the first amputee clinic the Project for the Rehabilitation of Korean Amputees was having at Severance Hospital. Would he be interested to go and discuss what was needed to help him? "How far is it? I can't walk far", he replied. The doctor said she would be going there as soon as her business at the bank was done, and he might ride with her. When she was ready to go he was in the jeep waiting.

His story was soon told. The flight of his family from the far north, then becoming refugees, striving to keep together and eke out an existence in Pusan. He had served in the South Korean army until his leg was shot away. The long months in a R.O.K. hospital and receiving an artificial leg that was too short and had been discarded after four months of struggling to learn how to use it. The attempt to have it replaced for one that would fit was useless, "only one leg to each man". Then a trip to Seoul in the hope of finding a job, but no one would employ a man on crutches. He was a Christian from childhood, for his father had been an elder and leader in their church, and was now forming a church of refugees by using an old tent. The young man's shoulders sagged, lines of bitterness were beginning to show around his mouth. There was no hope for him; no one would give him a chance.

As he talked about his past he mentioned having served as a male-nurse in the American hospital of the occupation before Seoul was captured. Was it just a coincidence, or God's timing,-- the doctor going to the bank, the desolate veteran just where she would see him, the amputee clinic, the plans for treating amputees, the preparation for making and servicing legs, the need for men nurses and the desire to use amputees in such jobs? Turning to him we said that sometimes we find great blessings come from great misfortune, for "all things work together for good to those who love God". Would he be interested in working with the amputees in the hospital? Christians in America were making such things possible through the Amputee Project.

What a change began to come into his face! The clouds were breaking, light was shining through. There was hope, great new hope. With a smiling face and expressions of deep gratitude he turned to leave. The slump in his shoulders was gone now. There was a ring of purpose in the clump of his crutches. He was coming back, a man who was wanted, coming to help serve others who had suffered as he had, because Christians in America cared.

Our Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these MY brethren, ye have done it unto ME". Through the One Great Hour of Sharing, every one can help to bring hope, a new chance in life, and saving power of the Redeemer to these thousands of war casualties in Korea.

Reuben Torrey, Seoul, Korea





plain brown Voelkel  
4 MP Service Co, Provisional  
APO 234, c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, California  
November 24, 1952

Dear Everybody,

I've just been to Pusan and to Masan, and what a change there is in the missionary set-up! I got to the Australian House at lunchtime, and the group around the table illustrates as well as anything the difference. Whereas, until recently it was all men, now they are definitely in the minority, and the women have taken over. Ruth Appenzoller (Mrs. Henry), a YMCA wife, and Miss Rose (Canadian), outnumbered the males, Henry Appenzoller, Scott and Frazer (Canadians), and Robertson (British Bible Society). The score, you see, was 6 to 4. Incidentally, a sizeable table, too, wasn't it? And imagine the restricted quarters accorded each occupant. Also, when numbers of Korean callers come to discuss church business with the various missionaries, the lack of room is further emphasized.

I haven't mentioned one other member of the Australian family, George Anderson. Upon inquiry about him, Scott replied that he had become a Baptist; rather startling news for a staid Australian Presbyterian. There were smiles, and then the facts emerged. Anderson has been itinerating quite a bit in the country and around the islands in the Pusan area. On a boat trip to Kojedo, when Anderson stepped from the boat to the pier he slipped and fell into the sea, and "great was the fall thereof", for he broke an arm and dislocated a finger on the other hand, -- no laughing matter.

Ruth Appenzoller mentioned that they expected to get into a house by themselves soon, a former Japanese place the Methodist Mission purchased for them. This is the third building the M.E.s have bought in Pusan: two residences and an office building. The McKenzie sisters, a doctor and a nurse, have transformed the former Bel Syn Kindergarten building into an obstetrics and gynecology hospital with a capacity for 14 women and ten babies. The Methodist Seminary has a student body of 100. The Korean Seminary group (Chisholms, Malsbarys, Bruce Hunt) have formally organized a new church, the governing body is known as To Hwa Whei Larger (or greater) Presbytery. I haven't the statistics yet, the number of congregations, pastors, and members. Marjorie Hanson has returned to Pusan.

The Methodists have overtaken us Presbyterians, think of that! Quite a group of women have arrived (some new and some old, I was going to say, but I'll revise it and say that some have been here before and some are new on the field) -- Clara Howard, Sadie Maud Moore, Marion Conrow, Frances Fulton, Katherine Crane, and one man's name I remember, Lee Cooper, a short-termers to teach in Pajah Middle School. Most, if not all, of these women are teaching in Ewah in Pusan, and these plus those I've mentioned previously who are living in Seoul bring the total up to 19, whereas, we Presbyterians have 15. With our new missionaries studying the language in Japan we'd top that. I am quoting figures only to show how the missions are expanding. The Southern Presbyterians are celebrating their 60th anniversary of the founding of their work in Korea. Petrie Mitchell, their treasurer, was in Pusan reporting the hum of activity in their area. Florence Root, who delayed her furlough for years and took off for America only a few months ago, is reported to be returning soon.

Have I spoken of the regulations of the South Presbyterians for men out here without their families? For husbands who come to Korea and leave their families in America, a furlough of six months is granted after a year and a half on the field. For a family with the husband in Korea and wife and children in Japan, a short furlough to America is given after two years. A recent report of our Northern Presbyterian Executive Committee lists approval of as many as four trips a year to families in Japan for husbands in Korea, if deemed necessary; not that each husband is required or expected to hop over that often, but he may if family conditions warrant it, -- a very generous arrangement, to be sure. I had better add that air transportation has taken a financial drop, as it ought to have done long ago. Now a round trip from Korea to Japan is \$35.00, via CAT (China Air Transport), which is offering good service. They operate a number of routes around Korea, too, and old-timers will appreciate that times have changed when I tell about a refugee Pusan pastor recently who was required to attend Seoul Presbytery and had his air travel paid by the congregation (U.S. \$20.00 - round trip). Train travel now is so crowded it is not always possible to buy a ticket, and moreover, the trains have been delayed as long as six and eight hours on a scheduled 12-hour trip.



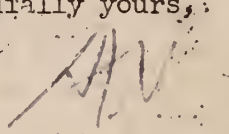
Something of the enormous tonnage the railroads are moving can be understood from the fact that on a train passing through here the other day, were four cars of turkeys destined for G. I. stomachs on Thanksgiving Day. The turkeys keep coming, too. I asked about a jeep ride to Andong and was told no one was driving but that "turkey cars" would be along if I wanted to travel on one.

New Missions continue to come to Korea, the latest I've heard of is the Mennonites. I met one of the men the other morning in Pusan and travelled with him to Taiku. They are primarily interested in the humanitarian work of the denomination, the distribution of food and clothing. The Mennonites are a spiritual people, of course, but they also go in for an out and out charity work aside from direct evangelism. This Mennonite asked me about housing, a prerequisite for any missionary group, and I was sorry not to be able to give him an encouraging reply. With him were two Friends (Quakers), one American and one English, in Korea likewise for relief work. I heard from them that the Heifer Project people had sent some goats and pigs to Korea recently (hardly heifers). What a potential America has when it comes to charity, or anything else! The amount and variety of commodities pouring into Korea from America is incredible.

Have I mentioned the fun I had recently helping out a pastor? On a visit to his church in the country some months ago, I felt myself having to strain to figure out what he was saying; his words were so indistinct. Then I noticed that he had no teeth, either uppers or lowers. Upon inquiry locally I learned that a graduate dentist here in Yung Chun offers false teeth, denture service, and I had the pastor fitted out with a complete set for \$45.00, just the amount of a check that had been sent me for relief. Are not false teeth "relief"? Doubly so in this case, I'd say, first a relief to the pastor and second a relief to the people who must listen to him.

My visit to Pusan was in the interest of POW work, of course, and as always its a joy to see my parishoners of nearly two years and a half now. I had the chaplain in the Pusan Camp, a recently arrived pastor from PyengYang, with me on the trip to Mansan to meet the Korean chaplain there, who has been in this ministry almost from the beginning. I wanted the newcomer to get some helpful suggestions from the veteran. On the three hour trip, the PyengYang man who had been there until about two months ago, gave me some very significant facts. The city, he says, is a shambles, and that isn't any surprise in view of the daily reports we get of the bombing by our Air Force. He told of the fewness of the people, almost no men. All the work, -farming, merchandizing, laboring, everything practically, is done by women. Times are hard. Commodities are scarce and what manufactured items there are, are imported from Manchuria where he says some large factories have been built. No church services are possible, of course; in fact, Christians must keep out of sight and must hide their identity. Some church leaders when discovered were taken off and not heard from again. He disguised himself as a laborer and in escaping from Red territory to a South Korea island was shot at several times by Red guards but managed to get by safely. Most of the Northern troops are Chinese, and by writing the Chinese characters information can be exchanged with the Koreans. The Chinese explained that they were forced to come to Korea and were not fighting by choice. There are deserters among them who get as far as the Yaku river but are there apprehended and returned to the front. The troops are totated to China about every year and a half; he estimated. He said he say some American prisoners who were housed in schools and factories and allowed to move around the city during the day, but when the American bombing was stepped up they were moved out of town. The Soviet satellite countries maintain embassies in PyengYang, Russia, Red China, Mongolia, Czeckoslovakia, Hungary, etc. not however, in the usual diplomatic luxury, but in caves dug in the side of the hills. The ambassadors have their wives with them, sharing the rigors of the caves.

Cordially yours,





Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provosional  
A.P.O. 234, 7 P.M., San Francisco.

P.O.W. Camp, Yung Chun, Korea  
December 19, 1952

Dear Everybody,

Since my last letter I've had the very great privilege of a trip to Tokyo to be with the family for ten days. What precious days they were! I was grateful to find ~~them~~ all well and comfortable in a warm house, when as a result of the Japanese coalminers strike the supply of electricity and gas was so low its use was limited to two hours three times a day at mealtime in all but the Army houses at Washington Heights where we live. For many missionary homes dependent on gas for fuel it meant living in one room heated by an oil stove, but for us in an Army house the supply was more generous and we are very grateful. Naturally the days sped by all too fast with the numbers of errands that pile up after an absence of six months. Tokyo is so big and the transportation so crowded a trip anywhere in the city seems to require half a day.

I was happy to be able to attend the monthly prayer meeting of Korea missionaries, get in a visit to the Language School for the newcomers, and join more than 700 missionaries at the Billy Graham banquet. I certainly struck it right in being here for it. It is said to have been the largest number of missionaries ever assembled on a foreign field. Everybody was there and everything went off perfectly. It was held in the beautiful Kai Kan Hotel, and after hymns by all the guests, Gospel songs by a ladies trio, a trumpet solo, and greetings by the members of the Graham party, Billy gave a searching and heartwarming address. He sketched the enormity of the world's spiritual needs today and the adequacy of Christ to fully and triumphantly meet those needs. I met him at that meeting and have since been travelling around with him in Korea, and I'll give you my impression of him. He is tall, 6 ft. 2 in. slender, with light wavy hair, a keen alert face, kindly eyes, a warm friendly manner, a strong pleasing voice, and a charmin' Southern accent. I consider him a remarkably gifted man. He always seems to be completely relaxed, and yet while in that mood makes casual observations and replies to questions with a wisdom and depth that reveal an exceedingly keen mind. Moreover, he is so far as I am able to discern a genuinely humble man, not with a conscious, studied humility, but with a natural meekness that flows from a dedicated heart. God has obviously equipped him for a great ministry. He speaks with ease in a large, strong, confident voice, and while his gestures are sweeping and enthusiastic, yet there is no strain and his remarks go to the congregation with a compelling drive and appeal. His messages are simple and elemental, and yet profound, for he deals with eternal truths, and always preaches for a verdict. He is out for decisions. He is urgent and expects a response from everyone, and he presents the alternatives with great clarity and conviction.

Out of the pulpit he is a normal, congenial individual, one of the gang, as ready with a wise-crack as the next, and never far from a smile. He insists that everybody call him "Billy". I believe Billy is out here as a result of Bob Pierce's urging, and Billy has told us that he has come out with the thought, not so much of ministering to others as receiving inspiration for his own soul. He wants to get the feel of the awful need in Korea and see at first-hand what God has done here, and aside from that, as far as circumstances permit, bring the Gospel to G.I.s and Koreans. It is amazing how doors have opened. He had only a few days in Japan and requestes that his schedule be kept down, and yet he had on the first day that huge banquet for missionaries, the next day the meeting at the Yokosuka Naval Base, and the third day a service at Yakoda Air Base, the two latter meetings held in the gymnasiums, largest buildings available. At both meetings big crowds turned out with fine responses when the invitation was given to come to Christ. During the day he was running around on official calls on invitations from General Clark, the American Ambassador, etc, and to a luncheon in the Imperial hotel by the Emperor's brother. Then the hop over to Korea on Sunday with a meeting two hours after he arrived for G.I.s and a five day itinerary that is killing.

Bob Pierce who is directing the party asked that I be freed to accompany them and the army agreed. At first Graham and Pierce wanted to operate under missionary auspices, but the Army got into it and have now taken over. Instead of staying at the crowded, little, chilly missionary house, they have a house on the Army compound that is reserved for generals. General Clark gave the party the simulated rank of generals and they are being accorded that recognition. A Lieut. Colonel (a Chaplain) is assigned to them to see that their needs are met. General Clark apparently sent word over that the "red carpet" was to to be rolled out for Billy, and he could have a tank or two, I believe, to roll out in front of him if he wanted it.



I went along on a visit to a children's hospital the other day and in front of us and behind us were conveying jeeps to our sedan. As we hustled down crowded streets a siren in the forward car screamed the people out of the way and everyone looked to see what was coming. Ray Provost who was sitting in the back of the car with the other dignitaries, leaned over to me in front and whispered, "Don't fail to mention this in DEAR EVERYBODY". So there you have it. For garden variety missionaries to be accorded such recognition is really overwhelming.

Billy is being shown the works,- orphanages, widows' homes, Bible clubs, Churches, refugee areas, POW Camps, etc.etc. and each night holding meetings outdoors in a little park in the center of town. Remember it is December and cold, and yet the first night three to four thousand were out; 7,000 the next night, and more last night. A temporary platform was erected, an elaborate amplifying system is installed, the place wired with bright lights operated from a generator,- nothing is too much trouble for the Army. When the invitation is given G.I.s as well as Koreans come forward. Pastor Han of Bethany church is doing a superior job of interpreting, but it gets him gasping to keep up with Graham. Billy preaches in a parka, and Han wears a long overcoat.

The last few years I've accompanied a number of nationally and internationally known men around Korea for meetings, and it's been interesting to compare Billy with them. He speaks with such authority and ease in such a strong, emphatic voice, it's not surprising he has the unusually large ministry we've been reading about. I am personally grateful to God for the blessing he has brought to my own soul. I am praising God that He has raised up a man like Billy to shake America out of its spiritual lethargy.

Tonight I leave by train for Seoul to arrange with a number of Christian G.I.s to take part in Billy's broadcast to U.S.A. from there. Then on Monday he is making two more broadcasts with Korean pastors participating, men who were victims up north of the Reds, and also Pastor Yi Te Yung, the former missionary to China from Korea. If you are in the habit of listening to Billy's broadcast you will have heard these before you receive this letter. From Pusan Billy goes to Taikoo for an incredibly crowded day, and then to Seoul (in the General's private railroad car!) for five days, concluding with a couple of days at the front. One thing I am to do is to warn the committee in Seoul that the proposed schedule is entirely too full. People are so thoughtless in trying to include everything in a few days. The other evening Billy was so exhausted he told us he didn't know how he'd get through the sermon. But he did. At home he always reserves two hours from 4:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon to rest, think, and pray before the evening meeting. Here's an illustration of the man's humility: the party was discussing the first meeting with the Koreans and the subject of giving the invitation arose. Bob Pierce who has held meetings here made suggestions and finally Billy who is having more people respond to the invitation than any other man in the world, I suppose, said, "Bob, I don't know how to do that, won't you give the invitation tonight and show me how to do it." Pierce did. Billy Graham is eager to learn and is very teachable.

The Christian community in Pusan has been shocked by the horrible death of a young pastor formerly a worker in the National Christian Council. He was up in Paek Chun visiting his brother's home, when an American lieutenant (white) with three colored G.I.s called to see the brother, and while drunk, we are told, attacked the pastor and beat him so unmercifully that he died four days later. The Army flew the body down here and the funeral was held last Monday. One more victim of drink.

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co, Provisional  
A.P.O. 234, 7 P.M. San Francisco  
December 23, 1952

Dear Everybody,

I feel I must write you again about Billy Graham's visit, for it has been a most inspiring time and I hope I can convey to you some of the blessing it has been to me. I think I concluded my last letter with reference to the General turning his private car over to the party. The General's headquarters are in Taiku where a terrifically tight schedule was arranged, that took Billy to each kind of Mission activity, - hospital, school, orphanage, widows' home, Bible club, with a dinner in the evening as the General's guest attended by the entire staff, and followed by a meeting for G.I.s on the army post at 7:00 and a gathering in the First Presbyterian Church for the Koreans at 8:00. This isn't to be quoted, but I heard that the General took Billy's hand after the meeting and said, "I'll never be the same man after tonight."

I was at Seoul station to meet the group the next morning, from where we were whisked off in staff cars to V.I.P. (Very Important Person), the Vice-Governor General's residence under the Japanese regime, - a rambling structure seemingly endless rooms, tastefully furnished by the Army now for Big Wheels. Senator Hickenloper (is that correctly spelled?) had been the guest the night before. Billy and his associate, Gready Wilson, were given the master bedroom. Billy had the privilege of asking guests to meals and I have gotten in on a number in connection with the arrangements of meetings and appointments, I came up a day ahead of the party to line up ten G.I.s who were to take part in the coast to coast broadcast. With the names and addresses of a couple of fellows, I soon had a goodly number of dedicated, enthusiastic Christians who were only too happy to give a word of testimony for Christ over a network to which many of their families regularly listen. We went through a rehearsal and almost immediately heard the San Francisco operator say the wire was open and ready for us. Billy took right hold of things and it is no surprise to me that he averages an audience of 25 million listeners a week. In a positive, direct and faultless manner he opened the broadcast and with ease and great personal enjoyment interviewed the fellows, had them say "Hello" to the folks, asked Bob Pierce to give details of the visit in Korea, and then Billy closed with a forceful, brief summary of his own impression and an urgent appeal to the unsaved to make this Christmas a time of decision for Christ. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

Meetings have been scheduled every evening at Han Kyung Jik's church, Bethany Presbyterian in the Yung Nak area of Seoul. The first night the crowd filled only two-thirds of the huge building, due to a lack of publicity; only a few people had heard of the meetings. The next day Sue Adams sent the Mission jeep station-wagon with a deacon and amplifier around town and from then on the place was filled and that's a vast sanctuary. Many G.I.s were in attendance. Last night I counted seven 2½ ton trucks, two weapon-carriers, seven jeeps, and three staff cars, sedans, in the church yard. When the invitation was given it delighted my soul to witness a sight I experienced for the first time, that of both Koreans and Americans responding to the call of Christ together, side by side at the altar as penitents. Pastor Han has continued his superior work as interpreter and the lapse of time between the interpretation of each sentence has not dimmed the fire of Billy's preaching so far as the Americans are concerned. I repeat what I mentioned before that Graham is a remarkably gifted man with a powerful voice, a keen mind, a winsome manner, and a God-given authority and humility.

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The Sunday morning program for G.I. chapel "Number 1", as the Koreans say. Helen Traubel, Metropolitan opera singer, was to sing and Billy to preach, but unfortunately her plane was delayed and Billy took over himself. Both General and Mrs. VanFleet were at church. I happened to be standing nearby as they greeted Billy and noticed how appreciative they both were. Mrs. VanFleet mentioned that she listened to (or do we say watched?) Billy's Sunday evening television program every week in America. Sunday noon Sue Adams and Adeline Shaw had a goodly number of guests for buffet luncheon at the Adams. See if I can remember them: 2 Adams, 2 Shaws, Billy Graham, Gready Wilson, Bob Pierce, Ray Provost, Dave Morken, Marion Shaw, Paul Kingsbury (new Presbyterian amputee worker), Lee Cooper (new Methodist), John Underwood, 2 chauffeurs of staff cars, and your humble servant. I'll have to confess to my dear readers that I had another emotional experience sitting in this lovely, sun-lit home reminding myself of all that had happened since a similar group gathered here in such a happy fellowship.



Following the dinner Bob Pierce showed a newsreel of Korean Christian work that he is displaying in U.S.A. Churches, which some of you may have seen. By 4:00 in the afternoon some had left and others arrived for the "Union Church" services, of whatever the weekly worship hour of missionaries is now called. Bill Shaw brought a helpful Christmas message.

At dinner that night the Graham party were guests of the Van Fleets, and to their very great surprise the General came to the V.I.P. for them himself, no less. It must have been quite an affair with the whole staff on hand, Billy's party, and "Miss" Traubel and her husband. Billy came away with comments on the impression Van Fleet had made on him, to the effect that he like Clark and Herren were manifestly able men and also men of very high character. As the party left the dinner, President and Mrs. Rhee arrived to attend an informal recital by the Metropolitan star, which was nearly all sacred music. That was really providential for Billy was anxious to meet the President but had wondered how in the world time could be found to get in such a visit. The President knew all about him, expressed his pleasure and gratitude at Billy's coming to Korea and said the country needed his ministry greatly.

On Monday the schedule called for a visit to a hospital ship. I hadn't planned to go for I had visited them a number of times in Hung Nam and Pusan, but there was an empty seat in a sedan and they urged me to go along. I was glad I did for it turned out that quite a few Korean wounded were aboard and I was able to interpret for Billy. It was the Jutlandia, a Danish ship, and the skipper turned out to be a devoted Christian, a member of the church in Copenhagen in which Dave Morken had preached a number of times. A group of convalescents were gathered in the "movie room" where Billy spoke to them, and from there he got right into the wards and knelt down beside the fellows' beds, many of them badly wounded, to speak a word of comfort and cheer to them. Three Marines had been brought in a short time before, seriously wounded, and when Billy heard that one of them was dying, he went right in to pray with him. The fellow's clothes were still there, a bloody mess in the corner. Billy spoke to another Marine who when he learned his visitor's name, wept and said he hadn't been a Christian, but he had a praying mother and he wanted to come to Christ now, and made his decision for eternal life there and then.

In one ward was a group of Korean children that brought tears to my eyes, tiny kids with frost-bitten feet, the toes of which will have to be amputated. Today the party left for the front. It is a moderate and sunny day, about as delightful as Seoul can be in winter, and then tonight after a crowded day we have the second broadcast, this time featuring Korean pastors who have suffered under the Reds. Their stories will be read and then in a sentence which I've been asked to interpret, they'll give a personal word. It's a rough, tight schedule but Billy appears to thrive on it and always seems completely relaxed. I feel I had better get back to my POWs tomorrow for Christmas services with them. Billy will continue at the front, sleeping there on Christmas Eve, eating Christmas dinner with the G.I.s and holding meetings as opportunity offers. Praise God for another rich and unforgettable experience. What a privilege to be in Korea another Christmas!

Cordially yours,

Harold Voelkel.



Chaplain Harold Voelkel  
4 M.P. Service Co., Provisional  
A.P.O. 234, 7 P.M. San Francisco  
December 25, 1952

Dear Everybody,

I have had one of the happiest days of my life with the POWs today, my third Christmas with them. I got back from my travels with Billy Graham last night, sorry to have to leave before he completed his itinerary, but I couldn't allow myself to be absent from my POW congregations on Christmas Day. For some weeks now we have not been permitted to have union services of the Christians from the various compounds in the enclosures, and it is necessary therefore to hold services with each of the ten groups. The day was clear and bright and not too cold, with just enough snow to satisfy the requirement's of Santa's sleigh. Not too long after breakfast I was in my first meeting. It was one of the smaller (compounds) congregations and yet they had decorated the hut they use as a church with vari-colored streamers they had dyed themselves. White crosses had been erected above the door with mottoes beneath them, both in English and Korean, "Merry Christmas".

I had been away for ten days and got a heart welcome back, doubly so because of the festive day. After greeting them all, they came proudly forth with an oil painting of the Wise men and the Star. It wouldn't win any prize at an art exhibit for the proportions are poor and the colors dull, but the love behind the gift warmed my soul, and it was actually my first Christmas gift since the family's remembrances have been delayed. I opened the meeting with some details of the Billy Graham Meetings, and then spoke briefly on the subject of the Visitory to the Baby Jesus, -first the poor and unlearned shepherds and then the rich, learned wise men; stressing that both poor and rich alike have a need that Jesus fully meets.

I had to hurry on and by noon had held six services, my best record thus far, and in each compound gifts had been prepared for me, wreaths of paper flowers, another oil painting of the holy family, and two finger rings - products of the vocational training courses they are receiving. My gifts to them were copies of the 1953 Sunday School lessons, just issued by the Christian Literature Society, and copies of "Jesus is Victor" by Corrie ten Boom, experiences of a Dutch woman in a Nazi prison camp and in evangelistic work afterwards. Miss ten Boom has been staying with Gertrude for a few weeks in Tokyo, and her book is translated and published in Japanese which the Koreans can read. It is a thrilling story of God's miraculous intervention in her behalf during the horrible ordeal that took her father's and sister's lives.

I knew what the G.I. Christmas dinner would be, and yet when the last service was over and the rice and soup had been brought on by the POWs, I decided to share their "dinner" with them and so sat down on the floor with my long legs under their low table and partook of mixed rice and beans and turnip soup. You need not be sorry for the POWs in the matter of their food, for it is well balanced and nourishing and many of them are gaining weight. All get enough to eat, much more than many of the refugees, and the poor in the famine areas, but POW chow, naturally, cannot be expected to be as tasty as "home-cooking". Having started dinner with the POWs I finished it with the G.I.s. Knowing how long and full the menu would be and how much is left on the plates, I arranged as I did on Thanksgiving Day to have a number of empty five-gallon tins ready for the men to put their left-overs in, one each for meat, potatoes, vegetables, and a carton for rolls and bread. On Thanksgiving we fed 155 people with the left-overs, and I haven't heard how many tin towns today enjoyed turkey, shrimp salad, mince pie, etc. etc. even though it be in fragments.

What varied loads this jeep station-wagon has transported! After dinner I held a service for the G.I.s and from that hustled to the second enclosure for visits, a brief message and prayer, with the four remaining congregations. Darkness had fallen by the time I got back to my room and I must admit that I was tuckered out, but my heart sang in gratitude for the rich fellowship of the day. In each of the four afternoon services I received gifts as in the morning. The evening service of sacred song in the local church was so crowded I could not get into the church, but I wasn't too disappointed. Soon after my return to my room I had another surprise; there was a knock on the door and in answer to my "Come in", a big handsome G.I. entered saying, "Hello Uncle Harold". He had a name plate on his jacket and I recognized Tom Swallen, Gertrude's brother's son, assigned to this same outfit. Imagine that! I hadn't seen him since he was a kid, and now having graduated from college he is in the vocational training program (Civilian Instruction and Education) for the POWs. He had arrived about ten days ago, attended the G.I. service this afternoon, and upon hearing my name recognized me, and came this evening to make himself known and begin what I know will be a most enjoyable fellowship for the both of us. I am sure he will be interested



I think I ought to go back now and give you the rest of the Billy Graham story. On Tuesday the party visited the front and my guess is you'll be seeing pictures of them in helmets and bullet-proof vests, etc. Beside getting right up to the bunkers and meeting endless people personally, two meetings for American personnel were held, one attended by 4,000. When the invitation was given fully a thousand stood up including two generals. And that's something! Back to Seoul at night they came for the meetings in Bethany Church. Outside I counted five large trucks and buses, three weapon carriers, seven jeeps, and three sedans--all army vehicles. As previously when the altar call was made, goodly numbers of both Koreans and Americans came forward, a moving sight. Now listen. After that terrific day, two broadcasts to America were scheduled beginning at 11:30. I was worn out just thinking about it. Billy had requested that two Korean pastors be asked to take part, men whose experiences would challenge America. We chose Kim Yoon Chan, former pastor of Central Church, PyengYang, who had a pistol thrust against his heart by a Russian colonel, and Kim Kang Sun, age 74, who arrived from PyengYang only two months ago. Bob Pierce read an account of each man's ordeal, after which they gave a testimony a sentence long in Korean which I interpreted. The fact that an audience of some 25 million people was listening didn't bother the Central Church pastor as much as the old man whose lips moved and beard trembled a split second before any sound of his voice came forth. Billy's gestures before the impersonal mike puzzled the Koreans seeing a broadcast for the first time.

It was well into the next day when we got home and sleep came soon and welcome to us all. Wednesday noon was the dinner of twenty guests, missionaries and Koreans, whom Billy invited to the V.I.P. house. I had planned to take a night train to Taiku on Christmas Eve, but because of a lack of fuel due to the Japan coal-miners strike, night service is temporarily suspended, and I was fortunate to get a ride on a courier plane Wednesday afternoon. By dusk I was home at the camp after another high and memorable privilege. I believe that Billy's usefulness has just begun and that God will use his message, and his pleasant, helpful and humble life confirms what he preaches. I believe God will use him in a greater way to bless the whole of America, both Christians and unbelievers.

It will be 1953 before this reaches you, and with it go my prayers for a year of health and joy and fruitfulness in Christ for each one of you.

Most cordially,

Harold Voelkel.

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Washington Hts. Dep. Mail,  
A.P.O. 500, 7 P.M. San Francisco.

Dear Friends,

As these letters are mimeographed and sent out from Tokyo where we live in Washington Heights, I want to add a word this time. We have appreciated so much all the greetings and letters that have come from so many of you far and near. It means everything to us to know you are joining with us in prayer for Korea these days. Some have written asking about how to send parcels for relief. Warm clothing is still greatly needed and may be sent by international parcel post to any of these addresses, missionaries under our

Presbyterian Board:-

Mrs. Ned Adams, Presbyterian Mission, 136 Yun Chi Dong, Seoul, Korea  
Rev. Francis Kinsler, Presbyterian Mission, 1 Nam san Dong, Taiku, Korea  
Rev. E.Otto DeCamp, Presbyterian Mission, 12 - 4 Poo pyung Dong, Pusan, Korea  
Rev. Peter Van Lierop, Presbyterian Mission, Ok Dong, Andong, Korea

As for our family, since you ask, our daughter Sally is teaching in a Christian school at West Sayville, Long Island, N.Y. and often visits my sister's family in Leonia, N.J. Jack is a freshman at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., sings in the Chapel Choir, teaches a Sunday school class of colored children in Chicago each week, keeps busy and happy. During the Christmas vacation they have both visited my father and sister at St. Petersburg, Florida, Jack driving down with my sister Mary, who lives in Chicago.

With our fine group of Korea friends here in Tokyo we have enjoyed a number of special gatherings during the Christmas season, especially the evening games and song at the DeCamps, the candlelight communion service on Christmas Eve at the Union church, and family supper-party at our home on Christmas night.

Our Teddy, almost 14, and young Harold, 10, join me in sending hearty greetings and in wishing for each of you God's best in the New Year.